NOVEMBER 25, 1988 $1.95

NATIONAL REVIEW

What Now for the Democrats?
by John McLaughlin

THE MAN WHO INVENTED JUNK BONDS (AND WHY THE SEC IS OUT TO GET HIM)

Drexel's Michael Milken: He done good; they want him bad.

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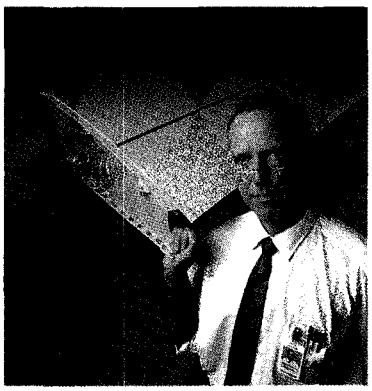

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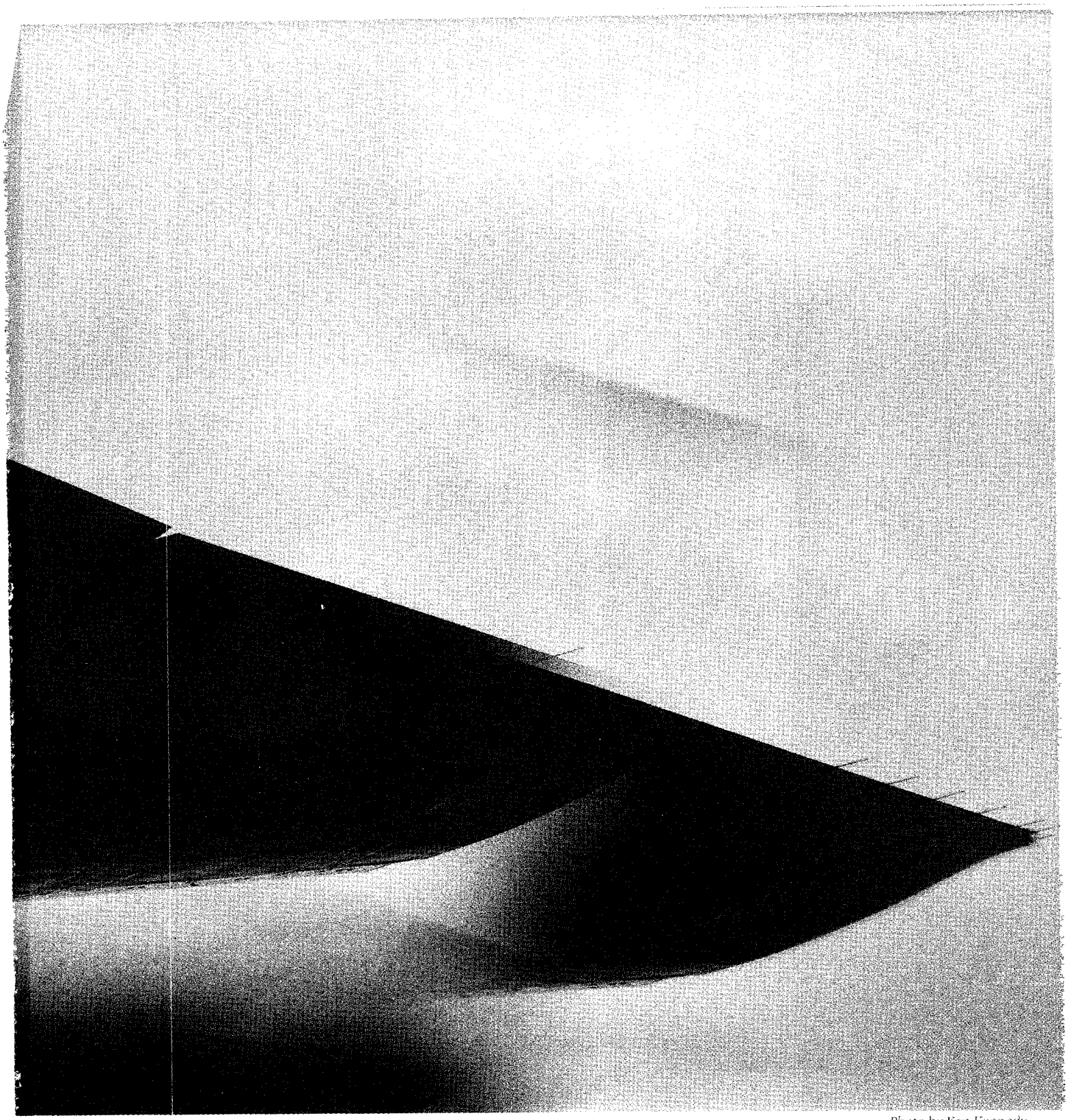

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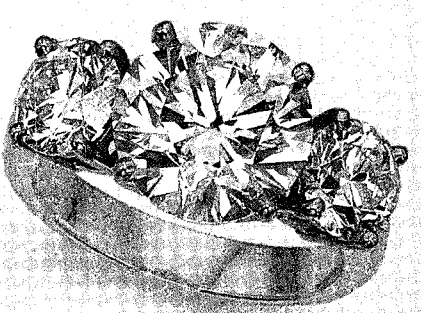

DIAMONDS AS EXCEPTIONAL AS THE WOMAN WHO WEARS THEM.

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NOVEMBER 25, 1988
VOL. XL, NO. 23

NATIONAL REVIEW

MANNE 26

RIBSTEIN 26

MARTIN 42

BRIMELOW 45

THE DREXEL BURNHAM CASE

26 The SEC v. the American Shareholder
Whether or not the courts eventually find Michael Milken guilty of something, his real crime, in the eyes of the SEC, appears to have been giving shareholders some say in how companies are managed.
Henry G. Manne and Larry E. Ribstein

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

21 Democrats in Crisis
What will another crushing defeat and four more years in the wilderness do to the party of Roosevelt? *John McLaughlin*

24 The Feminist Pope?
John Paul has a teaching sure to upset both male supremacist and feminist leveler.
Richard John Neuhaus

30 Math Angles and Saxon
If someone came up with a better way to teach math, you'd think the professionals would embrace it, right? Well, only if it's sufficiently *progressive*. *Chester E. Finn Jr.*

34 They Shoot Allies, Don't They?
A play-by-play account of how the Kennedy Administration began the destruction of Vietnam. *Francis X. Winters*

38 Must We Pay for Perestroika?
Western businessmen approach the huge "untapped Soviet market" with all the acumen of Armand Hammer. *Tom Bethell*

While Western bankers rush to save Gorbachev the trouble of choosing between guns and butter. *Andrew Goldman*

42 The Myth of Modern Man
Liberal theologians, in their haste to keep ahead of the times, seem to have missed the news. *David Martin*

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

44 In Charles Murray's *In Pursuit*, **Joseph Sobran** at last finds a head-on, imaginative rebuttal of the ideas of human nature that justify the welfare state. . . . Sidney Blumenthal has pioneered a new form of political reporting, says **Peter Brimelow**: he goes to the movies. . . . **John Lukacs** considers cultural historian Paul Horgan a true gentleman of letters, presenting the collected essays in *A Certain Climate* as exhibit number one. . . . *The Facts*, the autobiography of Philip Roth, gives valuable insights on the author's relation to his work, and shallow ones on his society, notes **George Garrett**. . . . **J. O. Tate** looks back at the elegant style of Raymond Chandler, the definitive *roman noir* author. . . . Giving a dinner party? **Nika Hazelton** offers advice on how to treat your guests as they deserve—while also treating yourself as *you* deserve. . . . **D. Keith Mano** works in his sleep; sleeps, perchance to work.

4 LETTERS
9 FOR THE RECORD
10 THE WEEK
22 THE CENTRAL FRONT
32 help!
54 THE RIGHT BOOKS
60 ON THE RIGHT
64 TRANS-O-GRAM

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LETTERS

The Tackful Man

An old saying: "I know which way the wind is blowing, but I still have to follow my own course." Unfortunately, when it comes to political questions, George Bush is prone to follow the fair breeze. Reading "The Establishment Man" [Nov. 7] I felt that Richard Brookhiser was trying too hard to believe that Mr. Bush's current tack is a permanent change of course.

Vice President Bush is honorable, he's sincere, he's affable. All of which have helped him move from a Texas congressman—slowly building a very respectable résumé—to soon-to-be President. But always avoiding confrontation.

During his senatorial race against the more conservative Lloyd Bentsen in 1970 (having won the tough primary with the help of President Nixon, who later appointed him ambassador to the United Nations), Congressman Bush shunned offers to have Spiro Agnew (then Veep) come to Texas and trumpet on his behalf the not-so-fashionable conservative ideals of the day. Bush lost the election and moved on.

Now conservatism is in, and the fair winds are blowing Bush toward the Oval Office. But when the breeze stiffens and the swells get rough, will President Bush batten down the hatches, or will he smile and turn the wheel to safer seas? Ready about . . .

Janet White
Dallas, Tex.

For the Record

My sincerest congratulations on your perfect phrasing to describe the wartime role of Japan's Emperor Hirohito, when you wrote of "his passivity before 1945" ["The Week," Oct. 28].

How much better your reporting is than that of the British tabloid press, which headlined, HELL'S WAITING FOR THIS TRULY EVIL EMPEROR (*The Sun*), and which called him a "worse butcher than Hitler," and said he'd "made a pact with the devil" (*The Star*).

Please permit me to set the record straight. Emperor Hirohito was, as *Newsweek* wrote, "a benign presence remote from military councils."

My expertise: While still wearing my Marine Corps uniform (I had landed in Sasebo, Japan's Annapolis, on the first day, with the first wave of the Second Marine Division of the Fifth Amphibious Corps, to begin the occupation of Japan), I became the American defense attorney of Field Marshal Shunroku Hata, the highest-ranking military leader of the 28 Japanese defendants, at the 1946-1948 Tokyo war-crimes trial (the Asian version of the concurrent Nuremberg trial in Germany), before the International Military Tribunal for the Far East, made up of the 11 victorious Allied Powers.

Against all odds, I saved the Field Marshal.

When President Truman let it be known that he had decided that Hirohito would not be tried as a war criminal, I made it my personal duty to see to it that *everything* that told the *true story* of Hirohito's role would be entered into the record of the two-year-long trial and thus support and uphold my Commander-in-Chief's position.

Little did I know that forty years later, that record, which I helped write, would be so important in setting Emperor Hirohito's record straight.

Aristides George Lazarus
Bronxville, N.Y.

Imitation of Immortality

I had thought that only the readers of supermarket tabloids were taken in by confusion between death and stages approaching death ["What I Saw When I Was Dead," Oct. 14]. Death *by definition* is the point from beyond which no one returns. In the Christian perspective, a supernatural life starts when one is *dead*, and it's silly to suppose that God can be fooled into starting this supernatural life a little early by the rare occurrences of "clinical death" (which is merely a convenient term without ontological significance) that are followed by resuscitation. The premise of this notion is identical to the premise of the Soviet cosmonaut's statement that he had not run into God or Heaven in space. Namely, that the supernatural is subject to empirical/physical validation.

I realize, of course, that A. J. Ayer does not treat his experience as an encounter with the supernatural. Indeed, he specifically rejects the notion that a possible afterlife is necessarily supernatural. But his experience is more in the nature of a dream phenomenon undergone by a living person than a glimpse beyond death.

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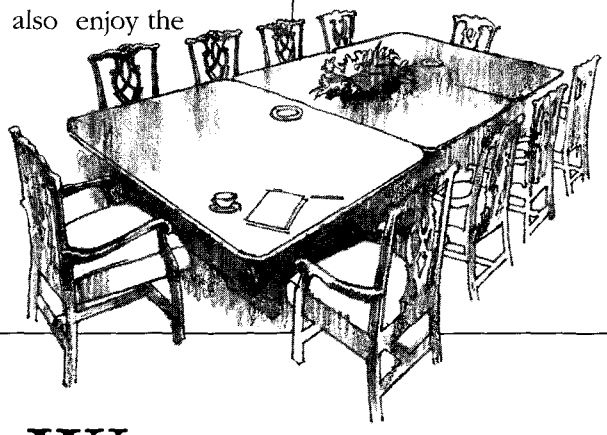

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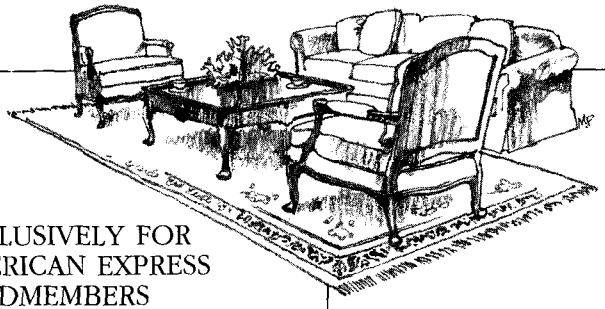

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Which leaves the question as to what place this article has in NATIONAL REVIEW. On its own premise it is but the unconvincing speculations of an atheist about a possible natural afterlife, with a consequent tendency to sow skepticism about Christianity in the minds of readers lacking acumen. *NR* has an identity to maintain, and Professor Ayer's article has no connection with the conservative view of life.

Piroska M. Haywood
West Lafayette, Ind.

Red-Light District

The visit to the afterlife as recounted by A. J. Ayer should have persuaded him of the error of his atheistic ways. Although seemingly very intelligent, he evidently is not smart enough to realize that the bright red light that he felt so strongly was emanating from the fires of his ultimate destination.

Hal M. Hale
Whittier, N.C.

That Group Again

Joseph Sobran's "Commentary" on the ACLU ["The Week," Oct. 14] might have included three more charges against it. First, the ACLU wanted to send Walter Polovchak back to the USSR against his will, although anyone knows what happens to those who try to defect and then get back into the hands of the Soviet government.

Secondly, the ACLU expressed concern about the rights of the Nazi Party to march in Jewish Skokie, Illinois. As the Nazi Party hereabouts can turn out about eight people maximum for such a display, the worst that can happen if they aren't allowed to march is that eight people get denied their (somewhat tenuous) marching rights.

But thirdly, if the rights of a handful of people are so important, then what about the rights of thousands? I refer to the thousands of employees who, under union-shop contracts, must pay money to unions *they don't want to join.* What right is more fundamental than keeping the money you earn, admittedly subject to taxation by a legitimate government?

The ACLU, according to letters it has sent to me, considers a union "like a government," at least in labor matters, so the union has what amounts to taxing power. The ACLU therefore finds nothing wrong with forced dues payments to unions. Anyone knows that a union is *not* a government—any more than a duck is an airplane because the capacity to fly is common to both. (Jefferson mentioned the odiousness of forcing anyone to pay for implementation of pol-

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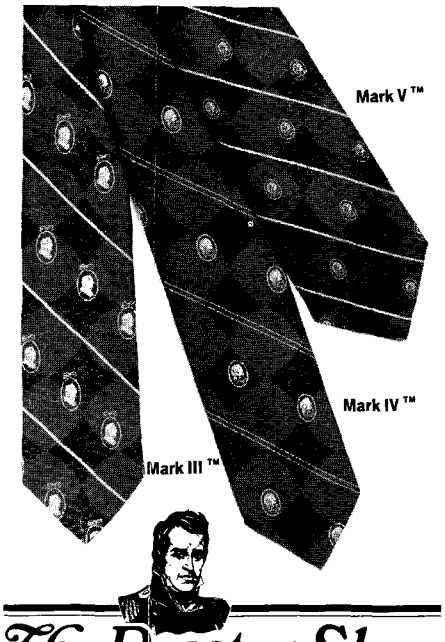

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icies the payer objects to, but the ACLU finds it pleasant.) If the ACLU weeps over the curbing of Nazi rights to march, when about eight people are involved, then it ought to be able to locate thousands of victims of union-shop contracts whose right to keep their own money has been curbed.

Warren Snyder
Chicago, Ill.

Mealy-Mouthed?

Time was when NATIONAL REVIEW regularly published the kind of clenched-fist polemics that Stuart Goldman does so well ["I Was a Hit Man for the *L.A. Times*," Oct. 14]. But over the last decade your staff seems to have forgotten the value of intelligent invective as a political tool. Good vitriol enrages the enemy, cheers the troops, and attracts a larger readership. It is especially needed in our treacly, white-bread culture, where the populace is plastered with SMILE buttons and over-dosing on "We Are the World" lyrics. The fact that you printed Goldman's piece as a *curiosity*, prefaced by a mealy-mouthed disclaimer, is an index of how far verbal namby-pambyism has infected my favorite magazine.

Joseph S. Salemi
Woodside, N.Y.

The Wealth of Wisdom

I rather enjoyed the article "What's So Bad about Being Poor?" by Charles Murray [Oct. 28]. Someday there may be more people with poverty backgrounds to help run our government, especially if socialist economic policies continue.

Myself, I do not have running water (there is a good spring about a hundred feet from the house). I may be able to bring in $6,000 for the year, all from my own enterprise, of course. I know of no one in this county, though, who considers me to be poor. There is one household in the county that brings in $16,000 a year, yet has come to *me* for money for food (their cupboards were empty with one week to go until payday). This is not an exceptional case. Evidently there are some differences between individuals here.

Being involved with church ministries to the "poor," I have found that these people are in this state because of their natural tendencies. Many people do not know how to handle money, or anything else, because they have no concept of the future. The waste is incredible: it is smoked up or drunk up, or worse. The worst thing you could do for these people is to give them more. As things stand now, physical conditions evidently do not get bad enough to get them to think about what they do.

Jeff Scott
Killbuck, Ohio

The Good Women's Movement

In response to Nicholas Davidson's letter ["Letters," Oct. 14] accusing my review of Edith Stein's *Essays on Woman* ["Books in Brief," Sept. 2] of "creeping feminism," I am perplexed. I know few people more opposed to feminism and all it stands for than myself, whose written work totally supports the traditional woman of Catholic orthodoxy. I fear Mr. Davidson approached the review with the same irritation with which I approach almost everything in print these days about women, and read into it the opposite of what was meant. We are both in the same camp except for a few details.

The women's movement *has* raised some legitimate questions. The role of woman has been grossly misunderstood and devalued in a world that grasps for power and prestige. As wife, mother, and grandmother, I don't accept those goals, but rather see woman as the one meant to be the epitome of the Gospel of Christ, which also rejected them. There is today a stirring in woman's consciousness that requires her to seek a deeper meaning about herself than most women have in centuries past. We find this meaning, as the Blessed Edith does, in a closer alignment to the Scriptures and Christ—along with Beverly LaHaye and Phyllis Schlafly, but also with Helen Hull Hitchcock, Anne Roche Muggeridge, Ronda Chervin, and a host of others, to say nothing of Pope John Paul II's apostolic letter, "On the Dignity and Vocation of Women."

That same stirring has initiated quite a different response in those who accept the *world's* values, and therefore want to change the woman and the family that is dependent upon her. The Gloria Steinems and Rosemary Ruethers are enemies of woman's very being—her "ethos," to used the Blessed Edith's term.

Edith Stein saw that in the fallen world, patriarchy, or rule of the male, had degenerated from what God had originally established. Even in the redeemed community (the Church and Christian family), where that patriarchy is legitimate, it is too often practiced according to the perverse way of secular society. When rightly understood, submission is seen to be the holy attitude for both man, the authority, and woman, the beneficiary of that authority.

Nancy M. Cross
Taylors Falls, Minn.

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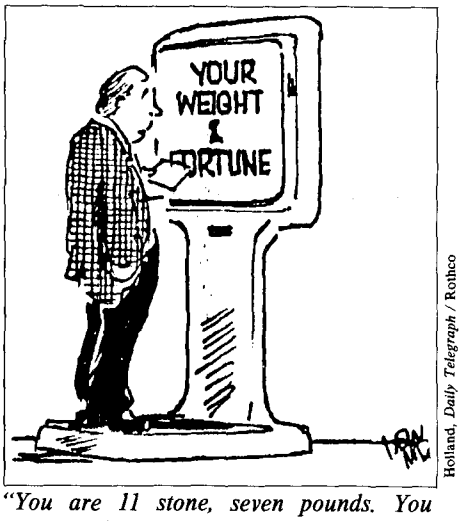
FOR THE RECORD

CAMPAIGN RETROSPECTIVE: Who was to blame? The Democratic Party, concludes political columnist **David Broder**. "The Democrats can blame all their problems on the dirty **Bush** ads if they wish," writes Broder, "but the difficulty goes much deeper than that. This is a party that needs to get back to its roots, re-examine its thinking, and find new leadership." . . . What did it show? "This campaign," says **George Will**, "is what you get when one candidate is intellectually devious and the other is running on empty, intellectually. **Dukakis** [did] not dare to utter his ideas and Bush [had] no ideas to utter." . . . Who acted most presidential? **Ronald Reagan**, says *Washington Post*'s **Lou Cannon**, a long-time Reagan watcher: "The campaign has revealed an unselfish streak in Reagan, rare among politicians and especially Presidents, many of whom come to think of themselves as indispensable. Reagan seems happily free of this delusion." . . . A pox on both their houses, concluded late-night talk-show host **David Letterman**—he threw his support to Libertarian candidate **Ron Paul**. "The news made Friday a red-Letterman day for us," commented Paul. . . . **Roper** public-opinion analyst **Everett Carll Ladd** comments that the structured television debates "would not allow an **Aristotle** to escape banality. The industry makes the televised debates key tests of strength. When these tests make the candidates look superficial, the industry choruses, 'Give us substance.'" . . . **Pat Buchanan** says Bush's hostile press was a good thing: "When the press batteries open up, conservatives and Republicans, instinctively now, mount up and ride to the sound of the guns." He adds: "CBS News and **Dan Rather** are the best thing to happen to the Republican Party since **Jimmy Carter**."



Holland, *Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

"You are 11 stone, seven pounds. You will soon be 73.025 kilos."

Little noticed in brouhaha after Debate II was fact that **Jesse Jackson**'s favorable personal rating topped Dukakis's. . . . AFL-CIO poured $36 to $41 million into Dukakis campaign, 300 per cent more than Big Labor ponied up for **Mondale**—to whom it gave an early endorsement—in 1984. . . . Another last-minute endorsement Dukakis could have done without: **Angela Davis**'s. . . . Both Communist *People's Daily World* and radical *Guardian* looked dimly on race by Dr. **Lenora Fulani** of New Alliance Party, both fearing it might skim black votes from Dukakis. *Guardian* claims NAP is controlled by **Fred Newman**, a disgruntled ex-**LaRoucheite** who has denounced **FDR**, **Ramsey Clark**, Walter Mondale, and **William Kunstler** as fascists. . . . Gentlemanly gesture: **Teddy Kennedy** letter published in *Boston Herald* calling **Dan Quayle** a bright and hard-working senator with more on the ball than the press would admit. (Kennedy himself was savaged by media after 1980 interview with **Roger Mudd** in which he found it hard to explain what he would do as President.) . . . Some of the cheerier political posters sighted here and there. In Kansas City: "Average Students for Dan Quayle." On CBS: "White-Haired Women for Bush." At Atlanta: "**John Wayne** is the only **Duke**." At British Tory conference in Brighton: "**Thatcher-Bush** in '88."

Body blow for **Jim Wright**. *Houston Post* has called on Wright to step down as Speaker not only because of book-royalty deal, his divulging of CIA activities in Nicaragua, and other shenanigans now under investigation, but because "at bottom what is at stake is Wright's ability to do the job." . . . On top of this, FEC now reports Wright paid the lawyer who represented him before the Ethics Committee from campaign funds, not his own pocket. . . . *Christian Science Monitor* story on Wright and his troubles calls him "a man Republicans love to hate, a man some Democrats hate to love." . . . Sen. **John McCain** (R., Ariz.) says, "Jim Wright can't be trusted." Rep. **Vin Weber** (R., Minn.) believes "most Democrats clearly see their party would be better off with [Majority Leader] **Tom Foley** as Speaker." . . . If the Ethics Committee doesn't rule on Wright case soon, it will be hard for Democrats to organize next House at scheduled Dec. 5 meeting. . . . In Senate, *U.S. News* indicates **Bennett Johnston** (La.) has inside track to succeed **Robert Byrd** (W.Va.) as Majority Leader, edging ahead of more liberal Sens. **Daniel Inouye** (Hawaii) and **George Mitchell** (Me.). No cause for rejoicing, however: Johnston voted against **Bork** and is anti-SDI. . . . New Right, which swung into Bush camp with Quayle nomination, worried now about Bush's future Cabinet appointments. **Richard Viguerie** warns that "old **Nixon-Ford** retreads" will have "real warfare with conservatives the entire time." . . . Among Democratic congressmen supporting **César Chavez** in his latest grape boycott (Chavez objects to insecticides being used) are Reps. **Patricia Schroeder** (Colo.) and **Joseph Kennedy II** (Mass.). Said Kennedy, "César has once again been the conscience of America."

George Burns reminds us that **Gracie Allen** once ran for President on Surprise Party ticket. Her promise, if elected —to rebate 25 per cent of California's climate to the East Coast—lost her the California vote, permitting FDR to squeak to victory in 1940. **Willkie** also ran.

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THE WEEK

☐ "*Pore* George! *He* cain't hep it! He was BARN with a sivver fut in his math!" Har har har! Har har har

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

PAY VERY CLOSE attention to the goings-on in Washington during the next couple of months. Presidencies have been made and broken during the ten weeks between the election and inauguration of a new President. Both campaigns knew this: aides to Vice President Bush and Governor Dukakis have been preparing for it for months, each side readying itself to put a giant transition staff in place almost as soon as the last victory-celebration champagne cork had been popped.

For the purposes of this issue's awkward publishing schedule, we're assuming that we will be watching a Bush transition over the next ten weeks. But, really, this year's transition is going to be tricky no matter who the President-elect is. What a sprouting Administration-to-be does during a transition is translate its perceived electoral "mandate" into a legislative agenda. And whether the fault is the candidates' or the media's—or some of each—that perception is running pretty low this year. "You can't go further in a transition than you've gone in a campaign," says Stuart Eisenstat, who was Jimmy Carter's domestic-policy advisor. "A transition is a difficult time to construct a mandate out of whole cloth—a big point for Bush or Dukakis; they won't have much of a mandate to do anything."

Eisenstat speaks from bitter experience. He looks back ruefully on the Carter Presidency and, like many scholars and politicos, lays the troubles of that Administration partly at the doorstep of a bungled transition.

At least the Bush team has taken note of a few lessons from the Carter saga. Early on, for example, it established clear lines of authority, putting a pre-election transition staff into place that would yield to the big guns of the campaign staff as soon as the election had been won. In that way, it hoped to avoid a debilitating intramural tiff such as the one that nearly crippled Carter's campaign in 1976.

For the record, the Carter battle pitted Jack Watson, an Atlanta lawyer appointed to head a transition staff of 25 professionals, and Hamilton Jordan, Carter's campaign manager. Jordan, it seems, was incensed that the transition effort had commanded $150,000 from the campaign funds. That resentment erupted into a full-fledged confrontation between Watson and Jordan, which ended when the latter yanked control of the operation from the former.

The incident presaged the sort of problems Carter would experience as President during the next four years. Because of the Watson-Jordan feud, a painstakingly choreographed transition that had started five months before the election—earlier than any other in history—lost two precious weeks after the election. Moreover, Jordan tossed a good deal of Watson's work overboard.

But there were other—ultimately more serious—transition problems. Carter had a tough time setting priorities, for example. He did not construct his immediate agenda from a carefully culled list of issues. Instead, he ordered Eisenstat to print up a list of all his campaign promises. That, he announced, was his agenda. "It was too ambitious, too diffuse," recalls Eisenstat.

Then Carter added topics to that list that hadn't really come up in the course of the campaign. He decided that he wanted to push a major energy bill though Congress in the first six months of his Administration. Unfortunately, the thought hadn't occurred to him while he was on the campaign trail. His energy package finally got through close to the end of his term—but he wasted valuable political capital early on trying to get it past an unprepared and unreceptive Congress.

Ronald Reagan, on the other hand, chose his battles carefully. His campaign had included a number of social issues, but, upon reaching the White House, he put his anti-abortion, anti-busing, and pro-school-prayer legislative proposals on hold, concentrating his political fire instead on the economic and foreign-policy matters that stood a better chance of getting through Congress.

Bush, of course, doesn't have Reagan's image or mandate. Perhaps most important of all, he won't have an over-awed Congress waiting for him in January. Instead, he will face a Congress run by Democrats aching to make him pay for his victory over Dukakis.

Bush's task won't be an easy one, and the honeymoon between new President and new Congress, if it exists at all, will probably be exceedingly brief. In these few weeks of the transition, it will be Bush's task to pick his priorities with exceeding skill, or face the possibility of four years of political impotence. —CATO

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the years just past, if possible, and Shamir will consider that his mandate is to sit tight and not give an inch. That could be dangerous.

☐ "We are distressed to see the moral force of our bishops and of our church squandered in an attack on SDI, a program heavily supported by the American people." So wrote a group of Roman Catholic laymen in response to the American Catholic bishops' dismissive report on SDI this summer. The bishops had initiated a committee document declaring that SDI didn't "measure up" to Catholic "moral criteria," at least as limned by the bishops. The laymen respond: "The moral implications of the current all-offensive nuclear deterrent are troubling to us because it must threaten massive destruction of human life to be effective. . . . Undoubtedly it would be better to protect the innocent than to threaten their annihilation." The lay group—which includes Edward Rowny, Representative Bob Dornan, J. Peter Grace, William Simon, William F. Buckley Jr, and Phyllis Schlafly—asks individual bishops to endorse the "superior morality" of SDI.

☐ A "coalition of religious groups" branded the anti-abortion efforts of Operation Rescue "an act of terrorism," a "blot on the national conscience," and an affront to "precious liberties," reproductive freedom, and the memory of all the women who have died having abortions in "back alleys," and you could prob-

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ably write the script, which goes on and on. What you would not think of, but the coalition did, was to call on Operation Rescue to "repent" "in the name of God." The same day, an unrepentant John Paul II urged U.S. bishops to reject abortion.

☐ Even though they had failed the civil-service exam twice, identical twins Philip and Paul Malone managed to get hired by the Boston Fire Department in 1978. Their method? They presented a photograph of their great-grandmother, who they say was black, which qualified them for a minority hiring program. Last month the Malones were fired. When their names appeared on a list of black firefighters applying for promotion, the department took a look at them and concluded that the fair-haired, fair-complexioned men were too white to be black, and too white to have been hired with such low test scores. From racial equality to racial-purity tests, liberalism goosesteps into the future.

☐ In case your attention has been diverted from the *real* comics during the campaign, you should know—and we deeply regret to report—that the next issue of Batman Comics is going to kill off Robin. Holy flap! The Dynamic Duo Splitsville! The deed will be done by evil arch-enemy Joker, who is now mysteriously the ambassador of Iran. Furthermore, the murder has been pre-approved by readers, who deem Robin a "vindictive, vengeful little brat" and a "wimp." Said one, after the reader poll, "We offed the twerp! We offed the twerp!"

☐ A friend of ours calls Dukakis's belated admission of liberalism "his deathbed confession." It is, he remarks, "as if a sinking pirate ship were to raise the Jolly Roger just before going under."

The Great Denial

PSYCHOANALYSTS CALL IT denial: the patient's refusal to admit he has a problem. Once again liberals are straining to explain the routing of a liberal candidate without reference to liberalism.

The denial device this year is Negative Campaigning. The media keep chanting the phrase as if it were a fact, rather than a partisan moral judgment. Haynes Johnson of the *Washington Post*—a prime specimen of the advocate in the robes of a judge—complains that George Bush has waged "a shameful campaign of smears, lies, and distortions." The *Post* has run a front-page "story" headlined somewhat curiously "Evolution of the TV Era's Nastiest Race" (news headlines usually feature verbs, not judgmental adjectives); it's about Bush, of course. *The New Republic* accuses Bush of running a "filthy campaign," in part because

The Bush Watch

Will he, pointing fiercely, lead
Like a knight at Runnymede
With his pike?
Or will he prefer to sit
With a mandate in his mitt,
Just like Ike?

W. H. VON DREELE

of the furlough issue (an issue first introduced in April, by the way, by *The New Republic*'s pet candidate, Albert Gore). *Newsweek* has devoted a cover, NBC and *Nightline* whole programs, to the same theme. And this is the short list.

All the indignation would carry more conviction if the phrase "negative campaigning" had been heard in connection with the negative campaign of 1987: the concerted defamation of Robert Bork. People for the American Way (a real mainstream outfit, that one) poured megabucks into TV and newspaper ads in an unprecedented attempt to block a judicial nomination. Liberals who fret about what campaign spending does to elections didn't reflect on what Norman Lear's money was doing to the independence of the judiciary. Not to mention the vileness of the actual charges and innuendos heaped on Bork by the Bidens, Kennedys, and Metzenbaums. Nothing Bush has said of Dukakis approaches the scurrility Bork was subjected to. The memory of it makes the liberals' current self-pity simply disgusting.

The Bush campaign has taken pains to keep its attacks on Dukakis accurate, if only because Dukakis's media allies would have pounded endlessly at the slightest demonstrable deviation from fact. As it is, the media-Democratic alliance has had to harp on the theme of tone, pretending a matter of taste is a matter of truth. The losing side is rarely satisfied with the victors' formulation of its position. But the liberals, starting with Dukakis himself, have had a peculiarly hard time getting their act together. Dukakis wavered between shrugging off, denouncing, and finally, embracing the liberal label.

Bush has had no trouble deciding. Trailing badly in the polls, he bet all his chips on the proposition that "liberal" now means "unelectable." This was a bitter pill for liberals who used to claim the mainstream for themselves (even as recently as the Bork fight) and who hoped Bush would remain a "moderate," i.e., a malleable wimp who wouldn't give them too much trouble. Then they saw him gleefully pounding nails into their political coffin. It struck them as a kind of betrayal and they were enraged, enraged as they never were against Ronald Reagan, enraged as they have been only toward Richard Nixon, whom they also

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regarded as an unprincipled opportunist who could never have beaten them in a fair fight.

The campaign against Negative Campaigning implies that the electorate is utterly passive, manipulable, and responsive to atavistic (including racist) appeal. It's worth pointing out that the voters have probably heard denunciations of Bush's ads more often than they have heard the ads themselves. They deserve some credit for making up their own minds, especially since they seem to be making them up the way they usually do when one of the candidates is a liberal.

But the liberal frenzy has another purpose besides blaming everything except liberalism. It's an attempt to deny legitimacy to the Bush Administration, no matter how decisive Bush's victory. Haynes Johnson is not the only one to issue the threat: Bush's campaign, he warned, "will cost him dearly in his ability to govern if he becomes the next President." Like Nixon, Bush has now made a host of implacable liberal enemies. He will need to keep his conservative friends.

Marginal Mike

WHICH OF THESE did Michael Dukakis say? 1) "I don't think these labels mean a thing." 2) "I'm not a liberal." 3) "I am a liberal in the tradition of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman and John Kennedy."

All three, of course. And, of course, all three are false. But in finally adopting the label he had been squirming away from for most of the year, Dukakis went out of his way to define a liberal as "someone who cares about average people." By that standard, the editors of this journal are liberals.

Roosevelt, Truman, and Kennedy, in the popular imagination, are associated with winning wars, spending public money, and standing up to the Soviet Union. None of them lived to see abortion on demand and gay rights become political issues, let alone tenets of Democratic platforms. Dukakis actually belongs to a later liberal tradition, along with Ted Kennedy, George McGovern, and such special tastes as Ron Dellums and Barney Frank.

There's a grain of truth in Dukakis's belated self-labeling. Since Roosevelt, liberalism has meant a tropism toward socialism, collectivizing wealth in the piecemeal style of "programs." The tens of millions of Americans who now depend on Washington for at least part of their income make up the Democrats' base. But the party has also become more "liberal" in the sense of gravitating steadily toward the marginal, even the morally marginal—obsessed with the homeless and the homosexual, you might say. The Happy Warrior has given way to the gay militant.

The label is damaging because most voters sense what it *does* stand for: the undermining of all the forces of Western cohesion—social, moral, economic, political, military, and spiritual. The normal energies that sustain society are being overtaxed in more than one sense. People understand this, and it has a lot to do with the pattern of Republican landslides in presidential elections. The Democrats' coalition of ideologues and special-interest dependents is formidable in local races, but increasingly feeble in national showdowns.

Getting Restless

THE 1988 ELECTION presented the Democrats with a grim prospect: the possibility of slippage in the black vote, which has been solidly in the Democratic column ever since John F. Kennedy phoned Coretta King after her husband had been jailed during the 1960 campaign.

The final results will not be in until after these words are published, but there were numerous trouble signs during the campaign's last weeks. Some polls showed George Bush with as much as 16 per cent of the black vote—twice Ronald Reagan's totals. The national headquarters of the NAACP had to sit on the director of its Columbus, Ohio, chapter to get her to retract an endorsement of Bush. Other polls showed numbers of blacks thinking of staying home, or expressing their disenchantment with the Democrats by voting for Lenora B. Fulani, a radical, independent candidate who admires Louis Farrakhan and the Reverend Al Sharpton.

The black malaise spurred the Dukakis campaign into its shrill home-stretch effort, well amplified by the media, to portray the Bush campaign as racist. Distributing leaflets with pictures of Willie Horton, Michael Dukakis's favorite parolee, was supposed to be a racial slur. Right. As if pictures of Charlie Manson, had he been sprung from a Massachusetts jail, wouldn't have done as well. This desperate effort to rally the unhappy troops recalled Walter Mondale's October bid four years ago to lure back wavering Jews with scary talk about Jerry Falwell writing school prayers.

Several factors are at work. The random factor in all predictions about black evolution is Jesse Jackson. Intellectually, the man is a menace, supporting precisely the demeaning, paternalist policies that have kept his race back. In the context of this election, he seemed content to let the Democrats lose. He campaigned for Dukakis lukewarmly—"He will supply the policies, we can supply the passion," was a common formulation. Nothing, he knew, would freeze his advance within the Democratic Party more solidly than a Dukakis victory. So much for all the effusions over the Jackson family in Atlanta. Next time the Democrats sup with Jackson they should take a longer spoon.

Word of it has not trickled out much, but it is the

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WHICH ELECTION IS THE REAL THING?

CANADIANS are used to having their political affairs regarded abroad—if at all—as being of modest significance. Thus, few Canadians seem greatly concerned that few Americans seem greatly concerned about the outcome of the Canadian election on November 21. Why should Americans take note when the decisive phases of the Canadian election are being drowned out by the sounds of the Real Thing?

And yet, a reasonable case can be made for the proposition, not only that this election is the most important in decades for Canada, but that its outcome has enormous longer-range implications for the competitiveness—or even the survival—of major sectors of American industry as well.

This unique prominence comes because implementation of the U.S./Canada Free Trade accord depends on the re-election of Brian Mulroney's Tories *with a majority government.* Both opposition parties—the Liberals and the socialist NDP—have sworn to abrogate the pact, which was one of the Reagan Administration's top economic goals. It was approved by the Tory-dominated House of Commons, but then imperiled because the non-elected, mostly Liberal Senate held it up, in a constitutionally controversial stand designed to force an election.

Pre-election polls showed that more Canadians accepted the Free Trade pact than rejected it. With that backing, and with evidence of serious internal divisions within the Liberal ranks, Mulroney called the election. Early polls showed that his timing was good: going into the late-October marathon TV debates (in both French and English), the Tories were riding high at 43 per cent of the vote, more than enough for a landslide win and the ratification of Free Trade.

Canadian TV debates are three-hour spectacles, commanding overwhelming national audiences, because, unlike the controlled, antiseptic American models, these are real debates in which the personalities and credibilities of the challengers are displayed under genuine combat situations.

The debates were a disaster for Mulroney, turning what should have been victory with perceived ease into struggle with perceived sleaze. Liberal leader John Turner and Socialist NDP leader Ed Broadbent managed to touch the perennial deep chord of Canadian doubt about deals with the giant to the South, and Mulroney came off as a slick used-car salesman trying to push a product with limited roadworthiness.

At this writing, the Liberals have moved to a lead in the polls. However, many analysts doubt these polls and still think the Tories have a chance at a majority. What's at stake?

A Bush win, followed by a Tory majority in Canada, would trigger a momentous binational construction program as major corporations tooled up for the new world of the 1990s. That promises to be a world divided among three great coalitions of free-market economies—the three trading zones that last year accounted for 22 per cent of world GNP *each* (Europe, Canada & the U.S., and the new Southeast Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere). Nations not belonging to one of these three clubs would find themselves making rather desperate catch-up efforts.

When the European Economic Community voted in February to create a single market—a true Common Market of 12 nations—this vote set off the biggest wave of mergers, spinoffs, takeovers and consolidations in history. Companies are scrambling to get world-class production and distribution organizations in place before the cocoons of protectionism unravel. North America can also expect a spectacular era of rationalizations, mergers, and overall productivity gains if the Free Trade agreement is ratified. Without it, we would be helpless in the face of the storms resulting when the new competitive winds from Europe meet the strong winds from the Pacific over North America.

The Free Trade accord has galvanized the Canadian Left into an all-out campaign—and the one hope is that the strident anti-Americanism of this coast-to-coast demagogy could backfire, making even the dubious Mulroney look credible by comparison. By screaming that the pact dooms Canada to becoming a mere colony of the United States, the NDP and the Liberals are following the risky strategy of introducing the Big Lie into a society with a long tradition of fighting its political battles with tolerance and restraint.

THE STAKES are therefore huge. If Canadians reject Free Trade, American and Canadian companies will be handicapped because of limited domestic markets. If, on the other hand, they support it, the capital investment needed to create the big, productive new plants would come along just in time to meet the new foreign competition.

No wonder Ronald Reagan and James Baker fought so hard to save the deal when Canadian negotiators were losing heart in the face of hysterical domestic opposition. No wonder this election counts. Big. □

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Republican Party that has been fielding the most attractive black candidates. Indeed, Alan Keyes, who ran for the Senate in Maryland, was one of the most attractive Republican candidates, period. The thaw that began in the academy with courageous intellectuals like Thomas Sowell and Walter Williams is spreading slowly into the political arena.

The main cause of black uneasiness, however, is surely empirical—the growing realization that the Great Society policies designed to lift blacks up have encouraged dependence and destroyed the family. Liberals, busy with this work, have meanwhile taken their eyes off crime, paroling the Willie Hortons of this world—who rape, rob, and kill far more blacks than they do whites. For 25 years, the Democrats have counted on blacks staying safely on the reservation. The natives are getting restless.

Merger Maniacs And Junk Journalism

FINANCIAL JOURNALISTS have a desperate need for an everchanging set of "crises," to persuade us to forget a long list of earlier crises that failed to show up. The latest fad on Op-Ed pages and TV talk shows is to bemoan mergers, particularly "hostile" takeovers financed by "junk" bonds. Such colorful words conceal a murky substance. There are sweeping assertions that corporations in general are deep in debt, for example, with interest expense leaving no room for profits. In reality, interest expense has hovered around 4 per cent of the combined cost and profit of nonfinancial corporations since 1981. The author of a *Financial Times* feature, Anatole Kaletsky, claims inside knowlege about grave risks that mere professional investors simply fail to appreciate. Yet the article cites only one failure among leveraged buyouts, plus four or five other situations that make the author nervous. In a high-yield fund consisting of bonds of perhaps a hundred different companies, a rare default or two would not begin to offset the high yield on the remaining bonds. And nobody holding junk bonds has suffered anything comparable to what happened to stocks in the fall of 1987. The owners of junk bonds should not be assumed to be either more stupid, more impoverished, or more in need of public sympathy and protection than the owners of stock.

The detailed arguments against takeovers are thoroughly vivisected elsewhere in this issue ("The SEC *v.* the American Shareholder," p. 26). But it is not even clear that the issue is really anything but a propaganda device designed to forward self-serving regulations to limit competition. A corporate manager on one TV talk show, for example, spoke in vivid terms of the horrors that would surely occur if his company were taken over by different managers. Those rascals might, he said, destroy jobs and abandon customers by selling off less profitable operations. Nobody asked him how these villains could profitably sell a viable business to some fool who planned on closing its doors. The *Wall Street Journal* even ran an article by a prominent takeover artist bemoaning all the new competition he's getting from young upstarts: "Ten years ago, acquisitions were limited to a small group of leveraged-buyout specialists," wrote this member of that once-elite group; but "today's 'owner' is merely an investment banker, with an agent's mentality . . ." The author actually seemed sincere, but so were businessmen who once argued in favor of regulated cartels.

When ABC's Sam Donaldson asked former Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal if takeovers didn't require new regulations, Blumenthal instead urged lower tax rates on capital gains and an end to the double tax on dividends. Such tax cuts would make equity more attractive than debt, and boost stock prices so that takeovers would not be so cheap. That wasn't exactly the answer that Donaldson was after. Indeed, a Democratic Congress might well eliminate the deduction of interest expense in takeovers and *raise* the tax rate on short-term capital gains. That would turn the whole stock market into junk—an ironic result for businessmen who expected to benefit from this non-issue.

Keep Your Eyes On The Doughnut, Not the Hole

AMERICANS SHOULD TAKE little comfort from the sight of the Soviet space shuttle stalled on its launch pad. The temptation to gloat is understandable, but it could blind us to the real significance of this Soviet program.

Consider, for example, the strong resemblance of the Soviet Union's shuttle to the American orbiter. The Soviets would have you believe that theirs looks like a carbon copy of ours because of some immutable laws of physics.

While there certainly are characteristics that would be common to any space shuttle—given similar operational requirements—the reason the shuttlesky is a clone of its American predecessor is more straightforward: *The USSR ripped off our design.* Of course, unlike the case of some of our technology, no effort was made to keep from the Soviet Union (or others) the blueprints and vast quantities of data involved in the development and testing of the U.S. orbiter. As a result, the Soviets would have been fools not to take advantage of our largesse.

In fact, the USSR has shown graphically in its shuttle program what it tries to do with much of the technology it obtains—legally or illegally—from the

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West. By leaving the most technically challenging R&D work to us, the Soviets are able to begin their own programs at a point higher up the learning curve. The savings that result are enormous. What is more, letting us go first permits the USSR to introduce refinements that improve the system's performance or flexibility (or both).

One such noteworthy improvement in the Soviet shuttle program was the decision to place the main engines on the core vehicle rather than on the orbiter. As a result, the Soviets have the ability to fly the former, called the Energiya, *without the shuttle.* In its stead can go a payload estimated to exceed fifty tons. The United States has not had such a capability since it closed down the Saturn V series at the end of the Apollo program.

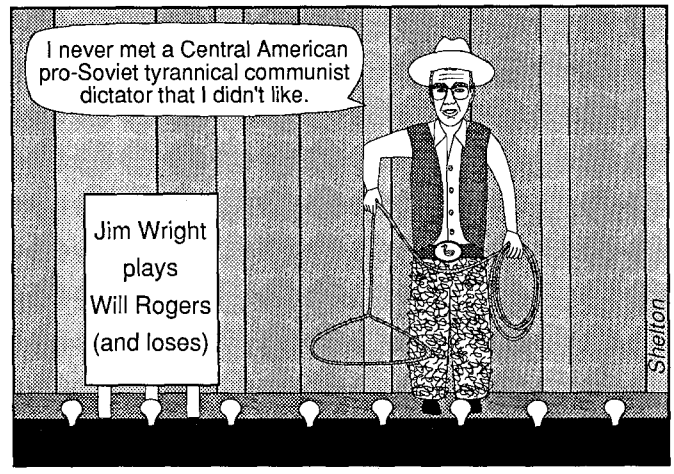
This leads us to a related point. The Soviet space program has established a truly prodigious launch capacity. By one recent estimate, taking into account its fleet of expendable launchers, the shuttle, and Energiya, the USSR will be able by the year 2005 to lift some five million pounds into orbit. The Pentagon, however, has been unable to identify Soviet programs that would account for much more than half that.

So just what else do the Soviets intend to put into space? One reasonable guess is that they are preparing for the eventual deployment of space-based systems for intercepting ballistic missiles. While such a deployment would give the lie to the Soviet Union's professed commitment to the ABM Treaty and to its strenuous objections to the American SDI program, it would be perfectly consistent with the USSR's investment in strategic defenses and space-launch capabilities. It would be self-delusion to regard the Soviet shuttle program as nothing more than a modest—and belated—effort to catch up with us.

First Step to Democracy

NOT EVEN THE most utopian liberal bonehead believes that democracy can be established in South Africa in one swell foop. The best anyone can hope for is democracy on the installment plan. Each stage will be partial and so, by strict democratic criteria, unsatisfactory. But the alternative to this gradualism is worse: continued racial oligarchy—or revolution leading to ideological oligarchy.

Last month's local elections fitted this pattern exactly. They were an important but inadequate step toward non-racial democracy. Fair-minded reporting would have cited the 30 per cent black turnout for contested seats, which, in the face of considerable intimidation, was a remarkable sign of civic responsibility. Far-seeing leaders in the church, in law, and in the academy would have seen these first black votes as a resounding blow against the theoretical foundations of apartheid. And a sensible Western policy


I never met a Central American pro-Soviet tyrannical communist dictator that I didn't like.
Jim Wright plays Will Rogers (and loses)
Shelton

would have given the elections a qualified welcome as a useful first step.

Nothing like that happened. The West has taken to dismissing any concession from Pretoria as cosmetic and valueless. Two years ago, the United States Congress rewarded P. W. Botha's wide-ranging reform program by imposing economic sanctions, and Congress is at present considering still more Draconian measures. The Reagan Administration, running scared of liberal congressional and media opinion, remained silent on the elections—merely abstaining alongside Britain when the UN voted to condemn them.

The consequences are clear from the results among the white electorate. The Conservative Party, which rejects the reform program in its entirety, has gained ground. On the present figures, it would double its representation in a parliamentary election.

Sanctions and boycotts have produced not a willingness to surrender white privileges, as their advocates predicted, but defiance and intransigence by white South Africa. They have also encouraged militant blacks to refuse the path of compromise and seek political change through violence, terrorism, and intimidation. They offer not an alternative to bloodshed and anarchy, but a catalyst for them.

This is a bankrupt and immoral policy. Forcing Congress to face up to that fact and change it must be an early task for the Bush Administration.

Prescription for Protection

CONSIDER the following hypothetical case. Someone invents a pill that prevents heart disease but has one side effect: if taken by a pregnant woman, it induces an abortion. Plainly, we would allow it onto the market because it has a universally acknowledged therapeutic use. Equally plainly, we would tie its sale to a doctor's prescription to prevent abortion on demand far beyond the limits to which *Roe* v. *Wade* has been carried. But would not some doctors, either financially unscrupulous or fanatically pro-abortion, then prescribe the pill to healthy pregnant women for use

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Is Our Prosperity Illusory?

THE NOTION THAT the present level of prosperity is unsustainable because it depends upon the accumulation of a vast amount of debt is at the heart of the Democrats' assault on Reaganomics.

There is no denying the increase in debt in America. The Federal Reserve reports that we collectively owed $10.3 trillion as of the end of last year, more than double the $4.7 trillion owed at the end of 1980. Federal Government debt accounted for about $2 trillion of the total; other government debt, $1.6 trillion; mortgages, about $3 trillion; corporate liabilities, $2.3 trillion; credit cards, auto, and other bank loans, $1.4 trillion.

But one man's debt is another man's asset, and in recent years the value of those assets has grown faster than financial liabilities:

U.S. BALANCE SHEET

Year End	Total Assets*	Total Liabilities*	Net Worth*	Per-Capita Net Worth
1980	14.4	4.7	9.7	$42,800
1982	16.6	5.6	11.0	47,500
1985	20.8	8.3	12.5	52,500
1987	24.2	10.3	13.9	57,000

*In trillions of dollars.

Not every sector of the economy saw assets outpace liabilities over this period. The net worth of farm businesses, for example, was 25 per cent lower at the end of last year than in 1980. The real net worth of non-financial corporations fell nearly 6 per cent between 1982 and 1987, as these companies increasingly borrowed to buy existing assets (e.g., other companies), rather than create new ones.

But American households are more than holding their own: the government reported in April that aggregate net worth of U.S. households rose from $5 trillion in 1980 to $8.5 trillion in 1987, a 24 per cent increase after inflation. The trend is corroborated by a recent *Money* magazine survey that found, for example, that although the average household's outstanding mortgage debt rose to $19,300 this year from $17,100 in 1984, home prices increased nearly eight times as much, going from $74,900 to $90,900. The average household now has savings (excluding real estate) of $43,700, versus $35,800 in 1984, and a net worth of $103,700, versus $88,200 in 1984, according to *Money*.

Of course, real-estate prices could, as some are now predicting, come crashing down as fast as they've gone up. But even a 50 per cent drop in home prices —highly unlikely even in the worst-case scenario— would leave households with enough home equity and savings to liquidate outstanding mortgage debts should that become necessary. In short, our debt situation shows no sign of pushing us toward the financial collapse that the doom-sayers say is inevitable.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

as an abortifacient? Of course, some would. We might strive to limit their number with legal penalties, or by professional self-regulation through the AMA ethics committee, or by instituting a straight system of regulated distribution. But some abortions would be performed which otherwise would not take place.

That would be deplorable, but nothing new: illegal abortions have always been performed just as other laws are regularly broken. Law, however, has two purposes: declaratory and regulatory. The declaratory purpose of abortion law, expressing society's belief in the value of unborn human life, will remain valid in all circumstances. But its regulatory function seems likely to be eroded by technical advances in medicine, such as our hypothetical pill above. There is already a new drug, cytotec, that prevents ulcers in arthritis patients and induces abortions as a side effect; and the French drug RU486, originally developed as an abortifacient, is thought likely to retard the progression of certain forms of breast cancer. What follows is that opponents of abortion on demand must strive more forcefully to convince their fellow citizens that the unborn deserve their recognition, their love, and their protection, only after which it becomes politically feasible, in democratic circumstances, to change the law.

Culture Vultures

THE BEST THING we've heard about Michael Dukakis this campaign is that he and Kitty walked out halfway through a showing of a 1960s Italian art movie, *Rocco and His Brothers*, because it bored him. The British poet Philip Larkin would have approved. Larkin, who detested the idea that people should approach the arts in a spirit of self-improvement, once himself walked out of a theater in mid-play. The realization that he was not duty-bound to stay, he

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The Suitors Return

Like Bourbon kings, whose learning curve
Cost Frenchmen their collective nerve,
The Northern liberals once more
Ignore the crowd's derisive roar
To dangle a flirtatious glove
At Cuomo, their reluctant love.

W. H. VON DREELE

later said, was one of the great moments of liberation in his life.

Mr. Dukakis's moment of glory as a Hero of Culture (Properly Understood) was revealed in a two-part *New York Times* story by Maureen Dowd on the cultural tastes of the candidates. The two men have sharply differing artistic sensibilities. Mr. Dukakis's favorite actress is Meryl Streep, Hollywood's epitome of feminist chic (we might have guessed this one), whereas Mr. Bush is sweet on Greer Garson, heroine of the wartime propaganda tearjerker *Mrs. Miniver* (wherever George was lately, it wasn't at the movies).

Which is all very entertaining, but what has it to do with the price of eggs? The notion that an easy familiarity with the arts should be a qualification for political office is a superstition of the sophisticated. On such a test, Stalin and Hitler would score quite high. They may have been, respectively, a hidebound music critic and an uninspired, derivative artist, but they look like Lorenzo the Magnificent alongside the average democratic politician.

Artistic vision in politicians is at best irrelevant. What we need from our political leaders is common sense, shrewdness, courage, leadership ability, and a general disposition to leave us alone to follow our own individual dreams. If a statesman has these pedestrian virtues, what does it matter if he prefers pushpin to poetry?

Those Whales

THE REMARKABLE episode of the whales in Point Barrow, Alaska, which held the world's attention for a fortnight, is of course a sentimental binge—but a significant one. It marked the arrival of a new religion for the intelligentsia: pantheism.

Suddenly, polluted oceans, drought, acid rain—all of these in 1988 seem to have risen into public consciousness. And the sky has holes in it.

It was not personal inspiration that led George Bush to stand on a New Jersey beach and proclaim, "I am an environmentalist," or to choose the condition of Boston Harbor as a primary point of attack. Planet Earth has become a political issue as well as a secular-religious one. It is an issue that cannot be left by default to the Greenpeace types, who have much more on their agenda than conservation. Nor is there any reason to assume that conservation and a free market are in opposition to one another. Indeed, the surest method of preserving the environment is to extend property rights in it so that its owners have a long-term interest in passing on to their children an inheritance that is not only maintained but improved. There's a conservative cause for you.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Memo to: Bill Buckley
From: Bill Rusher

I thought you'd like to know that Bounty Oil & Gas, Inc., a private oil and gas producing and exploration company in Houston, has just ordered gift subscriptions to NATIONAL REVIEW for a cool 753 lucky people. If only more corporations understood as well as Bounty the intimate connection between the principles of conservatism as espoused in this magazine and their own highest interests!

Dear Bill: I shall buy only Bounty Oil and burn only Bounty Gas, till death do us part. B.

☐ Dear Bill:

How can I become an adopted Buckley so that I can join "Buckleys for Lieberman" [*NR*, Sept. 2]?

It's not just in Connecticut residents' best interests to get Lowell Weicker out of the Senate, but also in the best interests of all Americans!

Sincerely,
James E. Keating
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear James: I herewith adopt you. Cordially, Dad

Mr. William F. Buckley Jr., President
Buckleys for Lieberman

Dear Mr. President:

In 1189 a band of Buckleys fleeing Scandinavian invasions crossed the so-called "English" Channel and ruthlessly occupied large portions of Northern French territory which came to be known as *Buckleyland*. Haplologized into *Buc(k)land*, the name of the ravaged territories in time replaced *Buckley* as the name of the clan.

The Buc(k)lands of Normandy reluctantly fraternized and intermingled with the indigenous population, whose dialect lacked bilabial occlusives, which it automatically replaced by fricatives: $b > j$ explains how

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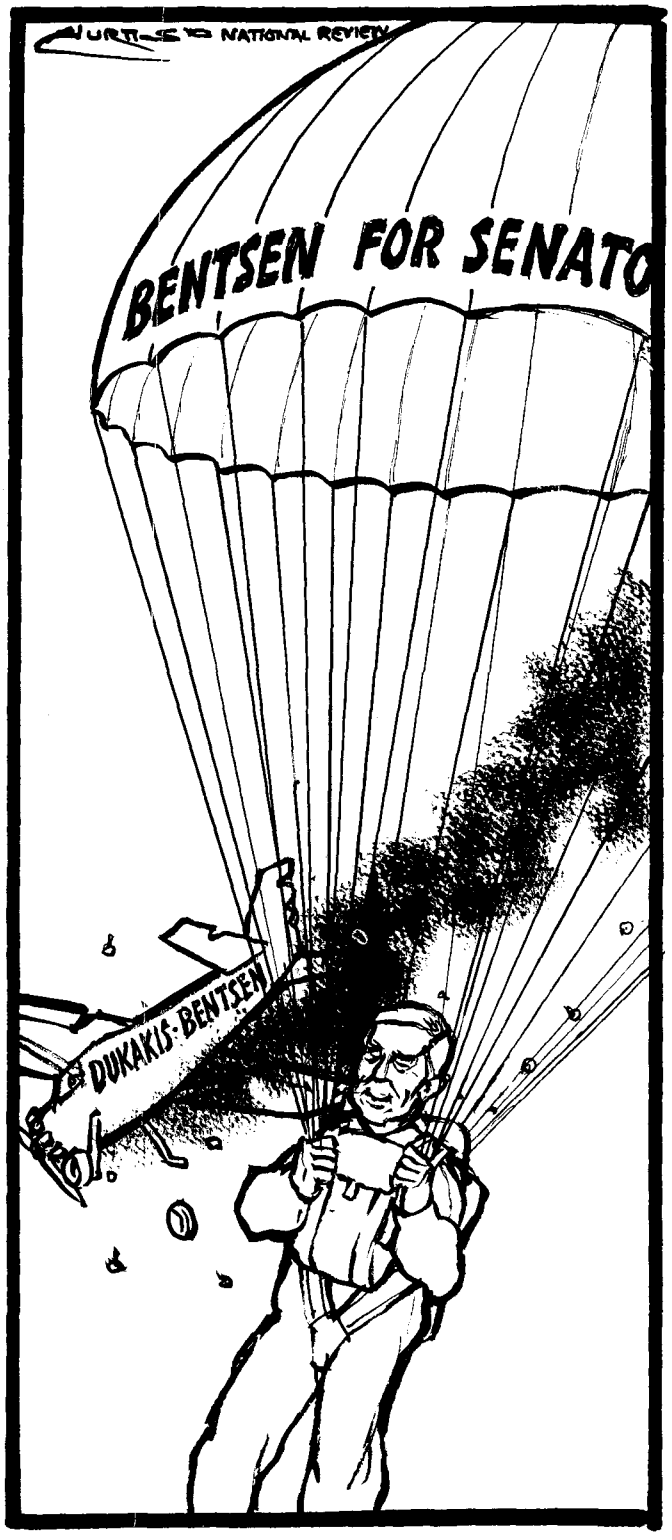
Bucland came to be pronounced as *Jucland*. Following patterns of phonological transformation characteristic of the *langue d'oïl* idioms, *c* was palatalized into *i* and Jucland became *Juil(l)and*, just as Latin *factum* became *fait* in septentrional French.

Should this incontrovertible historical and linguistic evidence fail to persuade you that I am entitled to full membership in the "Buckleys for Lieberman" campaign, I wish to notify you that a "Juillands for Lieberman" subsidiary has been tentatively established in the twin towns of Stanford, California, and Saint-Maurice, Valais. On its behalf, I am sending you the enclosed check.

With fraternal greetings,
Alphonse Juilland
President, Juillands for Lieberman
Department of French
Stanford University
Stanford, Calif.

Dear Professor Juilland: *Vivent les Juillands!* Cordially, *M. le Président*



☐ Dear Chairman Bill:

It seems that those of us who opposed the release of the film *The Last Temptation of Christ* did it all wrong.

We should have arranged for a premier showing of the film at the Art Institute of Chicago; announced that Christ was the previous incarnation of Harold Washington; stood back and watched while Chicago aldermen and policemen promptly "arrested" the film; and then recorded for history the ACLU sucking its thumb and wondering what action to take.

Sincerely,
Jim Craig
Wheaton, Ill.

☐ Memo to: Bill
From: Rick Brookhiser

There is a creature in Gainesville, Florida, called Horance G. Davis who has a column. The attached is titled, "Waltzin' with the Big Rat." Its meaning is unclear and in any case makes no difference. But you will see that the column deplores "William Buckley's NATIONAL REVIEW printing profiles of favored Republican presidential candidates, palming the pieces off as independent work when they actually were produced by the candidates' publicity flacks."

Since I have written all the political profiles for *NR* for the last couple of races, and since before then James Jackson Kilpatrick wrote them, what is H. Davis talking about?

Dear Rick: I dunno. And don't much care. B

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Having seen the first presidential debate, I've concluded that there are at least two issues on which both candidates admit disagreement—abortion and capital punishment. Could the Dukakis position on these two issues be summed up in the slogan, "Kill your children, not your criminals—vote Dukakis"?

L. F. Sorrels, Jr.
Stafford, Va.

Dear Mr. Sorrels: And why not? Cordially, **—WFB**

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DEMOCRATS IN CRISIS

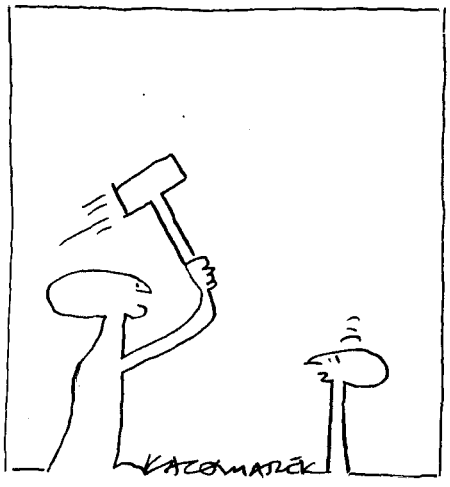
AT THE TIME of this writing, Michael Dukakis and Lloyd Bentsen appear headed for an election debacle nearing the dimensions of Mondale/Ferraro's in 1984. If that indeed comes to pass, the Democratic Party will no longer be able to downplay the severity of the crisis it faces. Not since the realigning elections of 1932 and 1936, which swept Roosevelt and the New Deal coalition into long-term ascendancy, has one political party so severely routed another at the presidential level.

To be sure, the Democrats will continue to control the House of Representatives and—unless George Bush's coattails prove much longer than this scribe expects—the Senate as well. As in 1984, Democratic congressional leaders will proclaim their continuing control as proof positive that Bush has no clear mandate. The voters, they will say, deliberately maintain Democratic congressional hegemony as a check on Republican presidential excesses.

Conceivably. But—leaving aside the vagaries of specific congressional races, where a senator known for strong "constituency services" can hang on even if he is radically at odds with his state ideologically, or where a representative who runs afoul of his district on some particular issue may be shown the door by the same people who vote for his party's presidential candidate—the discrepancy between presidential and congressional voting seems to have far more to do with decades of Democratic gerrymandering than with any deliberate division of power. After all, as the *Wall Street Journal* has been pointing out, Republican congressional candidates actually garnered a majority of votes cast in 1984—but, owing to the way districts were carved up, they wound up with a thirty-seat deficit in the House. The Democrats must hold on to most state legislatures following the 1990 census in order to retain these gerrymandered majorities.

Meanwhile, one factor calculated to provoke panic in Democratic ranks is the gain in GOP strength in the South. Reagan carried many Southern states in 1980, and all of them in 1984. With that 1990 census likely to reveal continued shifts in population from the Northeast to the Sun Belt—meaning that new congressional seats will be added in the South and West—the realignment of the Southern electorate is of serious concern to Democrats. It is sure to lead to deep divisions in the party, as Southern Democrats seek to revitalize their position in the region.

Today the Democratic Party is split into three camps: the traditional Democrats of the Northeast, the Southern conservatives, and the Jackson faction. They have fused into an uneasy alliance for 1988, but fission may follow a resounding Dukakis defeat. Since 1960, no traditional liberal Democrat has been elected to the Presidency. That honor instead belongs to two Southerners, one an heir apparent (LBJ) and the second an outsider running against both Washington and his party's expectations (Jimmy Carter). Southern Democrats have a wealth of talent likely to be in the running in 1992: Georgia's Sam Nunn, Texas's Lloyd Bentsen, Florida's Bob Graham, Virginia's Chuck Robb, and Tennessee's Al Gore.



"Okay, okay. I stand corrected."

In 1984, smarting over the treatment of Bert Lance by Mondale and the choice of Geraldine Ferraro instead of a Southerner, Southern Democrats began to rebel against the party through the creation of the Democratic Leadership Council. In 1988 and beyond, that revolt may grow into a full-scale secession. The Northeast's brightest stars—New York Governor Mario Cuomo and New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley—may never get a chance at the biggest prize, so deeply corroded is the Northeastern luster.

The pivot is the Reverend Jesse Jackson. Whichever of the party's two regional—and ideological—power centers can forge an alliance with Jackson's demographic forces will hold the balance in 1992. But Jackson's ambitions will not be easy to satisfy. Also at issue is the question of whether George Bush will succeed in eroding the Democrats' monolithic grip on black voters.

FRACTURED THUS into regional and demographic power bases, where are the Democrats to find a national constituency? Like the Republicans facing the New Deal coalition, the Democrats may have to wait for a series of crises to rend the electorate and provide the opportunity to win voters back from the GOP.

It will take more than a recession. Vietnam, OPEC, hyper-inflation, the Iran hostage crisis, Soviet aggression, and a general drift to the left in Democratic politics combined to leave the electorate open to Reagan's message in 1980. No one has a crystal ball to tell what the future holds, but past realignments have erupted from crises rather than unfolded from events. Barring a series of such crises, an era of GOP dominance may be just in its infancy. □

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CABINET CAMPAIGNS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—It's been a long, hard two-year campaign, but the results are now in. The winning candidates, ratified by Br'er Safire, are: James Baker for Secretary of State, John Tower for Secretary of Defense, Brent Scowcroft for NSC or CIA, Richard Darman for OMB, and top-of-the-line holdovers Richard Thornburgh, Nicholas Brady, and Lauro Cavazos for Justice, Treasury, and Education.

Now, if there is anybody out there who would like to bet mortgage money on this forecast, please call me nights or weekends. For this kind of action, we deliver.

Hold these thoughts: First, unlike the Carter campaign of 1976 and the Reagan campaign of 1980, there is no Bush personnel operation in place. The transition team, such as it is, is developing tactics and techniques and avoiding the real business of people and policy. (Its members believe, in good Kennedy School fashion, that this election was about competence.) The consequence? The appointment process will be chaos, and the President-elect will rely on ad-hoc groups and his own encyclopedic list of friends and pen pals. The good news is that the Process People have not yet gained control over the Process.

Second, in a reversal of 1980, most of the short lists will find three or four moderates facing a single conservative, the Reagan years having tired and retired most of the big-name conservatives. The consequence? Conservatives are likely to do surprisingly well if they concentrate their pressure on a few high-value posts.

Third, there is an historical pattern, holding through eras both Republican and Democratic, in which front-running Cabinet prospects fade at the end of the appointment cycle. The consequence? President-elect George Bush, who will need to define his political personality every bit as much as did candidate George Bush, will surprise the Brethren of the Beltway with his appointments.

What surprises would be welcome?

John Sununu. The conservatives' main man. He more than any individual except Ronald Reagan delivered the Presidency to Bush. The danger here is that Sununu might be persuaded to take Energy. If he wants Chief of Staff, he should get it.

Frank Shakespeare. A gifted manager and motivator who is clear-eyed about America's role in the world; having run the USIA and two embassies, he is ready to be a world-class diplomat. Secretary of State. (My own guess is that Jim Baker won't want State: after going to power breakfasts in the dark for ten years, he seems tired of psychic income.)

James Robinson. The American Express executive would be the perfect complement to Shakespeare as Deputy Secretary of State.

Bruce Gelb. The Bristol-Myers Vice Chairman has raised a ton of dough for Bush and may want an embassy, or simply to be left alone to run his commercial empire. But the OMB job demands somebody with his experience, drive, and BS detector.

William Bennett. For Attorney General. The ABA would fret, but if any of its members engaged Bennett in debate on points of constitutional law, they might wish they hadn't. Bennett has a first-class legal education, common-sense reflexes, plenty of brass, and Washington savvy. The price of this appointment (gulp) might be a Supreme Court seat for Thornburgh.

Lynne Cheney. Now at the National Endowment for the Humanities, she has all the tickets to be the perfect Secretary for the Education President.

Donald Rumsfeld. Tough, smart, fully recovered from illness—the right man for CIA. (Rumsfeld showed less than perfect political timing in endorsing Dole two days before New Hampshire. But if Bush is to govern effectively, he will have to reach out a lot further than Rumsfeld.)

Henry Kravis. He, of the dealmaking Kohlberg-Kravis-Roberts Kravises, has raised half a ton of dough for Bush on the side, while pulling off gargantuan leveraged-buyout deals. He is our man for a reinvigorated, big-time privatization effort: as privatization czar, he could spot value in underutilized government assets—and monetize it.

Jack Kemp. For Defense. The job requires a coherent world view, an ability to work the Hill, and a visceral enthusiasm for strategic defense. In Tower's case, two out of three is not good enough.

Alan Keyes. Few people might top Jeane Kirkpatrick's performance as U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations. Keyes is one of them.

Ralph Stanley. Formerly an innovative reformer at the Urban Mass Transit Administration, Stanley could bring youthful pro-market leadership to the Department of Transportation.

Edwin Feulner. One of the lost opportunities of the last few years is the flagging effort of the USIA. The Heritage Foundation's Feulner knows what the problems are and how to come up with solutions.

Peter Ueberroth. He's our drug czar. He has done a remarkable job in cleaning up pro baseball's act, at least relative to the mess in football and basketball. Alternatively, HHS would tax his legendary managerial skills. He is probably looking for a bigger piece of the action, but if he excelled in either of these jobs, the Administration's fast track would be open for him.

Colin Powell. Here is the top-of-the-line holdover. Keep him at NSC. The smart-money prospects, including Scowcroft, Richard Burt, and Winston Lord, are less impressive.

When these folks are sworn in, *then* I'll sleep better each night knowing that George Bush is my President. □

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TRUE CHRISTIAN FEMINISM

LAST APRIL a committee of the Roman Catholic bishops of the United States came out with the first draft of a "pastoral response to women's concerns for church and society." It bore the marks of having been written in the woodshed where Catholic feminists spanked committee members for the church's "sin" of sexism.

In subsequent remarks to visiting American bishops, Pope John Paul II was understood to be critical of the committee's draft. "True Christian feminism," he said, must be grounded in "the immutable basis of Christian anthropology." The Pope has now demonstrated what that might mean by issuing his own letter, "On the Dignity and Vocation of Women." The Pope's letter does not displace, but it should substantively modify, the bishops' letter. Presented with two letters on women in church and society, some Catholics might be so traditional as to give priority to the Pope's.

Those who expected John Paul to issue a polemic against feminism will surely be disappointed. He agrees with the Second Vatican Council that the hour has come "when the vocation of women is being acknowledged in its fullness, the hour in which women acquire in the world an influence, an effect, and a power never hitherto achieved." The Biblical teaching of mutual service between man and woman, he writes, "must gradually establish itself in hearts, consciences, behaviors, and customs." This has not yet happened. Not by a long shot. He draws a comparison with the case of Biblical teaching and slavery. "Yet how many generations were needed for such a principle to be realized in the history of humanity through the abolition of slavery!" So John Paul acknowledges that something momentous is afoot in this century's churnings about the relationship between men and women.

In contrast to the diverse distortions in current feminisms, the Pope displays an alternative vision of the dignity and vocation of women. "True Christian feminism" is firmly grounded in natural reality, which includes "the Creator's decision that the human being should always and only exist as a woman or a man." The difference between woman and man is also "a truth that is immutably fixed in human experience."

The truth of the immutable is intolerable, of course, to Christians of a gnostic bent. Grace, they contend, liberates us from the given. Through the alchemy of consciousness-raising, human sexuality becomes almost infinitely malleable. Against such unisex gnosticism, John Paul insists that "Grace never casts nature aside or cancels it out, but rather perfects it and ennobles it." He thus deplores the "masculinization" of women, which denies the "originality" of the feminine. When Adam awoke, he rejoiced in both the identity and the difference of the companion whom God had given him. John Paul comments, "In the Biblical description, the words of the first man at the sight of the woman who had been created are words of admiration and enchantment, words that fill the whole history of man on earth." That, one may respectfully infer, is written by one whose celibacy does not imply an indifference to the feminine enchantment.

"Enchantment indeed!" snorts our local unisexist. "It's the feminine mystique all over again." Hardly. Woman is not on a pedestal, according to this Pope, but very much at the side of man, as man is at her side. John Paul's challenge is to the male: "Each man must look within himself to see whether she who was entrusted to him as a sister in humanity, as a spouse, has not become in his heart an object of adultery; to see whether she who, in different ways, is the co-subject of his existence in the world has not become for him an 'object': an object of pleasure, of exploitation." Man and woman are equal, he argues, not in their sameness but in their "mutual subjection" to one another in Christ. John Paul does not agree with many conservative Christians that the woman is to subordinate herself to the man's rule or "headship." Genesis does indeed speak of man's rule over woman, the Pope acknowledges, but that disorder caused by sin has now been overcome in Christ. When, in Ephesians, Paul says the husband is the "head" of the wife as Christ is the head of the church, he means that the husband is to follow Christ's example of self-surrendering service. Thus the equality of woman and man is not in the rights they claim against one another but in the service they render to one another.

JOHN PAUL is writing about *Christian* feminism. The Church must resist "criteria of understanding and judgment that do not pertain to her nature." Christian efforts to accommodate alien criteria of male-female equality are grievously wrong-headed. In this connection, the Pope reaffirms that only men may be included in the ordained ministry. In agreement with feminists, he details the ways in which Jesus, contrary to the customs of his culture, elevated the role of women. He then notes that it makes little sense to claim that this counter-cultural Jesus chose only men because he was "culturally conditioned."

One may argue with parts of "On the Dignity and Vocation of Women." But good argument requires honest engagement with a statement that shows John Paul's fellow bishops and others how to be sensitive without being intimidated. "True Christian feminism," the Pope is saying, aims not to appease but to transform the other kinds. □

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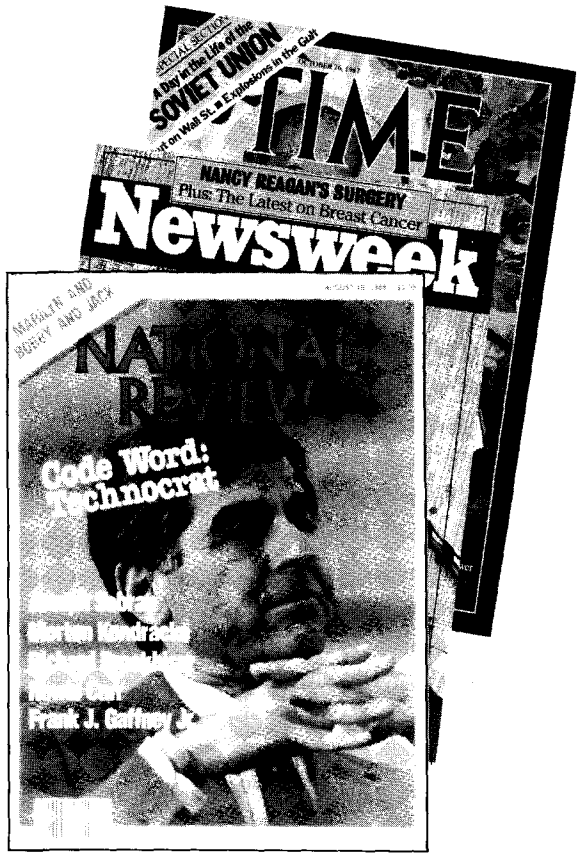

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Michael Milken invented the junk bond.
Drexel Burnham used it to restore shareholder power.
No wonder Congress, corporate managements,
and the SEC are out to get them.

THE SEC v. THE AMERICAN SHAREHOLDER

HENRY G. MANNE & LARRY E. RIBSTEIN

On September 7, 1988, the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission filed a long-awaited civil lawsuit against the investment-banking firm of Drexel Burnham Lambert. The complaint is a litany of securities violations that includes insider trading as well as various other claims that are quite technical and therefore devoid of news appeal. A criminal indictment also seems likely in the near future.

But Drexel's alleged wrongdoings are not the only tale to tell. Lurking in the Drexel case is a story of questionable government maneuvers against a firm that has played a major role in the modern takeover movement. The heart of the matter is not securities fraud at all; it is government hostility to takeovers and, more generally, government protection of certain firms and individuals from competition.

The events that finally led the SEC to Drexel began at least as early as December 1985, when Bank Leu International, in return for a grant of immunity, gave the SEC records of illegal trading by its client, investment banker Dennis B. Levine. Based on these records, Levine was indicted in May 1986. Harvey Pitt, Bank Leu's counsel at the time, said that the SEC let Bank Leu off the hook because the Commission "was looking . . . for a major player in the investment community."

It first appeared that the "player" was the rapacious arbitrageur, Ivan Boesky. Levine told the SEC that Boesky had paid him for secret information about takeover and restructuring targets and had used this information to make millions in insider-trading profits. In November 1986, Boesky settled insider-trading charges by paying $100 million in profits and penalties. He was barred for life from the U.S. securities industry and is serving time in a minimum-security prison.

For all the $100 million, the Boesky settlement was still so generous that it suggests the SEC was even then looking beyond Boesky to a different target. The settlement left Boesky, a man who admitted to blatant insider trading on a grand scale, free to trade securities in any market outside the United States. Boesky was allowed to keep more than half of his estimated wealth from suspect securities trades.

Most tellingly, the SEC gave Boesky enough advance warning of his prosecution to permit him to sell almost $500 million in securities before the SEC's case against him was made public. (Apparently the SEC is not disturbed by all forms of insider trading.) Even after his settlement, Boesky was given additional time—until April 1988—for an orderly sale of his holdings. While the SEC undoubtedly feared that word of these sales would collapse securities markets, Boesky clearly was the primary beneficiary of the delay.

If the SEC had already targeted Drexel, the deal with Boesky gave it what it wanted. And the SEC's complaint against Drexel demonstrates the Commission's heavy reliance on Boesky's testimony. Even so, the SEC could not establish a case against Drexel with Boesky's testimony alone. He is after all a convicted felon and a notorious liar. He portrayed himself as a legitimate businessman in his book *Merger Mania: Arbitrage: Wall Street's Best-Kept Money-Making Secret* at the same moment that he was secretly buying information from Levine. These and other problems with Boesky's credibility may also account for the U.S. Attorney's delay in seeking a criminal indictment against Drexel. In short, the government's case against Drexel needed more power than it seemed to have.

Realizing the weakness of its case, the SEC apparently decided to try to influence the outcome in advance. Beginning in November 1986, a regular drumbeat of news stories, primarily in the *Wall Street Journal*, quoted "lawyers familiar with the government's investigation," "people familiar with the government's investigation," "legal sources with knowledge," "sources," and so forth. The most likely explanation for this "inside information" is that SEC sources regularly gave the information to the *Wall Street*

Mr. Manne, Dean of the George Mason University School of Law and director of the school's Law and Economics Center, is the author of Insider Trading and the Stock Market, *and of an article that first took notice of the significance of a market for corporate control. . . . Mr. Ribstein is a professor at the George Mason School of Law specializing in corporate law.*

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Journal. If this is the case—and the SEC at least knew of the "leaks" even if they were not authorized—the SEC's approach stands in stark contrast to its silence during the Boesky proceedings, when Boesky was allowed to unload his cache of securities unhindered by public scandal.

The anonymous sources, whatever their true identity, announced each turn in the government's investigation—such as the transactions the government was investigating, that Boesky's allegations were supported by a "paper trail," or that one of Boesky's affiliates gave documents to the SEC. The sources disclosed the SEC's "Wells request," a traditionally confidential notification designed to allow a defendant to rebut charges before the Commission files them publicly. And in what might have been a final flourish, the SEC took the unprecedented step of announcing this June that a civil complaint against Drexel had been approved, while it delayed the actual filing of the complaint until September.

This constant stream of innuendo, for almost two years before the filing of a civil complaint, created public antagonism against Drexel and cost Drexel valuable reputation and business. All of this made the SEC's case seem stronger than it was, and may have undermined Drexel's right to a fair trial.

The Commission did this without bringing in a shred of evidence or permitting Drexel to use legal discovery—which is not available until after a suit is filed—to build a defense. Even after filing its suit the SEC sought by court motions to limit Drexel's discovery. Such are the litigation tactics of the nation's top securities watchdog agency.

These tactics suggest both that the SEC does not feel terribly confident about the case, and that it wants badly to win. The case as it stands now is weak. After two years of investigations and despite hundreds of Drexel deals that provided opportunities for securities fraud, virtually all of the significant charges in the complaint hinge on the credibility of Ivan Boesky. Nineteen of the 21 counts against Drexel, covering 632 of 712 paragraphs and 159 out of 184 pages, turn on a single alleged secret scheme for Boesky to operate on Drexel's behalf. Thus, the principal allegations constitute wrongdoing by Drexel only if Boesky engaged in the transactions for Drexel. But if these transactions were on Boesky's own behalf, there is not much of a case against Drexel. The SEC may win, and, of course, it may still bring other charges. But the case as initially filed is very much weaker than two years of damaging quotes and leaks from anonymous sources have suggested.

Not only does the complaint depend heavily on Boesky, but it also fails to live up to its advance billing as part of the SEC's campaign against insider trading. Insider trading figures in only two of the complaint's 23 counts, involving only about fifty of the 712 paragraphs of the complaint. The remainder of the complaint alleges such diverse offenses as manipulation of stock prices to increase the fees paid to Drexel by its clients; failure to disclose beneficial ownership of stock in violation of federal takeover law; and aiding in net capital violations and tax-loss trades by Boesky's investment partnership.

In the light of the SEC's extensive propaganda campaign against Drexel, the length of its investigation, and the nature of the complaint that finally emerged, it seems appropriate to wonder about the SEC's motives. There could be more connection than meets the eye between the SEC's persistent interest in Drexel and Drexel's prominent role in the takeover boom of recent years. This possibility is worth exploring, though it will be necessary first to explain some little-understood aspects of the development of takeovers, as well as Drexel's role in this development.

Put simply, takeovers constitute the key solution to the most serious problem inherent in the operation of publicly held corporations. In an enormously influential book published in 1932, *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, Adolf Berle and Gardiner Means argued that managers run large corporations autonomously and in their own self-interest because the shareholders are apathetic about management. Indeed, an owner of a small fraction of the outstanding shares of a public corporation has little to gain from personally monitoring management. Each shareholder will want every other one to do the job, especially since the proportional part of any gain to a small shareholder will rarely justify the cost. It is easier for a dissatisfied shareholder to sell his shares and forget the managers. So the danger remained that managers could and would run corporations for their own, not the shareholders', benefit.

But contrary to Berle and Means's view, the market provided a solution to this problem. The problem of a separation of ownership and control (or "agency costs," as economists now call it) can be adequately neutralized through an active and competitive market for corporate control, especially through the device of takeovers. Takeovers function effectively when a tender-offerer ("raider") secures enough voting shares to replace incumbent managers with others and thereby increase the market price of all shares. The offerer reaps his reward for this service through an increase in the price of the shares he has acquired in the tender offer. Thus, to reduce the risk of being swept out of office, managers are constrained to keep stock prices as high as possible by running their companies efficiently and in the interest of the shareholders.

If the SEC had already targeted Drexel, the deal with Boesky gave it what it wanted. Still, Boesky's testimony alone was not enough. He is after all a convicted felon and a notorious liar.

Over the last twenty years, unsolicited tender offers have emerged as our most important instrument of corporate governance. Any move that lowers the return from bona-fide takeovers diminishes the effectiveness of the market for corporate control and the protection of all shareholders.

The financial focus of a tender offer lies in the cash premium paid to target-company shareholders for their shares. In recent years this premium has averaged about 30 per cent over pre-offer market price. Obviously this process of buying huge amounts of shares at premium prices requires large amounts of cash. A few corporations can finance

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tender offers out of their own retained earnings, but that is relatively uncommon. Similarly, a single commercial bank or investment-banking firm might lend all the money required, but financing a takeover is a large and risky transaction for one firm, and so again this is not too common.

Some kind of sharing or syndication of such loan efforts would therefore seem to be the obvious solution to the risk problem. But syndication raises its own special problem. For if the capital is provided by a number of firms, it is not feasible to maintain the needed secrecy. And if a pending offer becomes known in advance, the price of the target's stock will rise immediately, thus making the takeover more—and often prohibitively—expensive.

This is where Drexel came in. Through Michael Milken, a principal defendant in the SEC suit and a target of the SEC's investigation, Drexel dramatically increased use of high-yield bonds to finance takeovers and developed an extensive network of buyers for these securities as they came on the market. This network permits Drexel to assure a potential acquiring company that Drexel can obtain financing for a proposed takeover without putting the firm's capital on the line or disclosing the bid to others.

High-yield bonds, even apart from Drexel's network, proved especially valuable in takeovers because they allowed the raider to assure investors that the target company's cash flow would largely be paid out rather than reinvested at below-market rates of return. Such wasteful reinvestment is a prominent explanation for takeovers, and the raider needed to assure shareholders that he would not be doing the same thing. This can be especially important where the raider is an individual whose management skills are not well known to the market. This is why the Drexel-backed takeover of Revlon by Mr. Ronald Perelman, then a relative unknown in the field, occasioned such near-panic among threatened managers. This takeover established that, with Drexel's backing, anyone could play the game.

As Professor Michael C. Jensen of Harvard Business School has noted, prior to the takeover threat to oil companies in the mid Eighties, these companies continued to search for oil even though the exploration cost for each barrel of oil discovered was considerably higher than the price of oil on the spot market. T. Boone Pickens and others quickly put a stop to that foolish behavior. But the threat of a takeover may be as effective as the real thing, and among the benefits of this system must be counted the many cases where incumbent managers themselves initiated desirable changes in operations—often using high-yield bonds for financing—in order to forestall a tender offer.

The high-yield bonds Drexel uses so effectively are often called "junk," but it is hard to see anything "junky" about them. As compared to so-called investment-grade bonds, they involve a different but perfectly rational tradeoff of slightly increased risk for increased return. They act a lot like stock with required rather than discretionary dividends, but they retain the legal, financial, and tax advantages of bonds. And the argument that junk bonds have dangerously leveraged American industry is simply without economic foundation. There have been many periods where the so-called "coverage ratio"—aggregate corporate interest payments as a percentage of cash flow—was higher than it is now.

Gary Underhill

TAKEOVERS HAVE come to play a strong and occasionally dominant role in the stock market, certainly in recent years when the market has been very strong. Many analysts believe that it was Congress's threat to tax takeover gains heavily that precipitated the market crash of October 19, 1987.

Incumbent managers have not been helpless or idle in the face of takeover threats. As mentioned, many have read the handwriting on the wall and restructured their corporations so as to obviate any need to displace them. Others, either of lesser ability or simply from basic disagreement, feel that there is too much to lose from a takeover. Not surprisingly, then, they have encouraged the development of a bewildering variety of legal and financial tactics for preventing takeovers, many of which will be upheld by courts.

These maneuvers, while costly to shareholders, have still not given threatened managers all the protection they want from unsolicited takeovers. Managers have accordingly opened their fight on new fronts, including state legislatures, where, with considerable lobbying power, they have often secured passage of anti-takeover statutes.

But that is a piecemeal solution. Accordingly, the anti-takeover political forces (an unlikely coalition between corporate managers and union leaders who do not want plants moved or closed as part of a restructuring) have brought their lobbying power to the august Congress of the United States. Congress early proved itself to be a willing ally of the anti-takeover forces. In 1967, primarily owing to the tireless (anyone for "public spirited"?) efforts of former Senator Harrison Williams (recently of an Allenwood Penitentiary address), Congress passed the Williams Act. This Act, among many other things, requires anyone who has bought 5 per cent of a company's stock to disclose his takeover plans. And unlike many states' anti-takeover measures, this one is imposed on all public corporations without the need for troublesome or embarrassing shareholder votes.

The disclosure required by the Williams Act greatly increased the prices bidders had to pay for control of target companies; it lengthened the time for which the bidder

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had to borrow funds (thus increasing the bidder's interest costs); and it increased the likelihood of success of defensive strategies by the target management. Although Congress said that the Williams Act was supposed to "level" the takeover playing field and make it a fairer game for all participants, it had no obvious intent other than to reduce the number of tender offers. The result has been a cost of billions of dollars to shareholders from lost tender-offer opportunities. Incidentally, anti-takeover forces in Congress now want to tighten the Williams Act as an alleged response to the insider-trading scandals.

The Williams Act did not, of course, succeed in squelching the takeover movement. New devices and techniques

The high-yield bonds Drexel uses so effectively are often called 'junk,' but it is hard to see anything 'junky' about them. They offer a perfectly rational tradeoff of slightly increased risk for increased return.

were invented almost daily to counteract the increased costs and risks of operating under the Williams Act. For instance, we have seen how Drexel's high-yield-bond financing helped to provide the cash needed for financing post-Williams Act tender offers.

Another device was "risk arbitrage," practiced on a large scale by Ivan Boesky. The "arbs" initially earned money on the spread between the price of a stock after announcement of a tender offer and the tender-offer price itself. This spread is essentially a premium for taking the risk that the offer will not succeed—a risk premium that was greatly increased by the Williams Act. Ultimately it became routine for effective control to be acquired by the arbs during the course of tender offers.

That is, the arbs could guarantee the transfer of control —or some specified percentage of shares—of the target to the bidder at a known time and price. Therefore, it is fair to assume that they were operating with at least the tacit approval of the raiders and their investment bankers. The bidders would in fact want the arbs to have "inside information" about their takeover intentions so that the arbs could perform the share-gathering task the Williams Act prevented the raiders from doing themselves. So it is that the very insider-trading evil the SEC claims to be pursuing in the Levine-Boesky-Drexel affair was created by Congress's misguided efforts to regulate the market for corporate control. Harrison Williams, meet your creation, Ivan Boesky!

And Congress still lends itself to the pressure against takeovers. Apparently not satisfied with the SEC's efforts to hobble Drexel, Representative John D. Dingell's subcommittee of the House Energy and Commerce Committee recently held hearings of its own that for sheer posturing and vacuousness have rarely been matched. The subcommittee called Milken and Fred Joseph, Drexel's chief executive, to testify about supposed allotments of new issues of high-yield securities to Drexel employees.

This practice could hardly have justified two days of congressional hearings. These bonds may not even be subject to existing rules regarding so-called "hot issues" of securities, and the hearings could only confuse the ongoing civil and criminal investigations of Drexel and Milken. The hearings degenerated into a charade when Milken was required to appear even after his attorney told the subcommittee that because of the ongoing investigations Milken would have to plead the Fifth Amendment.

What the hearings were really about is revealed in Dingell's opening statement on each of the two days:

> High-yield bonds, or as they are more commonly known, "junk bonds," have played a significant role in the change in corporate America. Companies which existed for decades, which carried the brunt of our national defense through two world wars, which provided employment to the heartland of America, no longer exist. They have been the victims of takeovers financed through the junk-bond market.

The issue never was "hot issues," it was takeovers. And it did not hurt the anti-takeover forces to have Drexel hauled before a congressional committee and have one of its principals made to look like a mobster by being forced to plead the Fifth Amendment.

Congress, of course, pulls the SEC's strings. During its leak-ridden investigation of Drexel, the SEC was seeking millions of dollars more than Congress had initially proposed for it. And Congress can be helpful to the Commission in other ways. For instance, a bill recently passed strengthens the sanctions against insider trading, thereby greatly increasing the SEC's power to obtain highly publicized settlements in insider-trading cases. So it should not surprise anyone to learn that the SEC curries favor with Congress by doing its bidding, in all likelihood including the pursuit of Drexel.

THERE MAY, of course, be reasons for the political pursuit of Drexel besides its role in financing takeovers. For instance, other investment-banking firms have not been able to match Milken's skills and his organization of bond buyers. And they are not without the means, the motive, and the willingness to secure congressional help in their competition with Drexel. While the evidence for this explanation is much weaker than it is for the anti-takeover thesis, only the naïve would deny the possibility.

So it is not likely that the SEC's pursuit of Drexel is the high-minded pursuit of an evil-doer. It is at least partly an attempt to humble a company that has threatened the comfortable status quo of managers of big corporations and probably some old-line investment-banking firms as well.

But there is much more at stake than Drexel's welfare. This attack could undermine the very existence of a market for corporate control. This market—which is virtually non-existent in other capitalist countries—gives America a powerful edge in international competition. To destroy this market would seriously weaken the competitiveness of our great corporations and significantly reduce returns on American corporate securities. The ultimate consequences for consumers, workers, and investors could be far more serious than short-sighted politicians and bureaucrats are likely to realize, or to take responsibility for. □

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MATH ANGLES & SAXON

THE FACT THAT American schoolchildren perform dreadfully in mathematics is no secret. According to the National Assessment of Educational Progress testing program, just half of our 11th-graders in 1986 knew that 87 per cent of ten is less than ten. Only six in a hundred could solve a problem such as this: "Suppose you have ten coins, and have at least one each of a quarter, a dime, a nickel, and a penny. What is the least amount of money you could have?" Putting it more plainly than education analysts ordinarily do, the Assessment staff concluded that the "performance of 17-year-old students was dismal." No wonder math is one subject in which international comparisons always locate the U.S. near the back of the pack.

We've known for years that the teaching and learning of math—along with reading and writing, history and geography, science and literature—are in sore need of repair. Many would-be repairmen are now at work. Indeed, the math-education profession is a-buzz with projects intended to set matters right. At every turn there is a new study, task force, panel, or committee. The National Council of Teachers of Mathematics has in near-final form a new set of curriculum and evaluation standards meant to furnish goals and norms. A research center on math education, funded by the U.S. Department of Education, is cranking away at the University of Wisconsin. The august National Academy of Sciences has given birth to a 34-member Mathematical Sciences Education Board, complete with half a dozen subcommittees. The American Association for the Advancement of Science and the National Science Foundation are also in on the act. Interested people can attend colloquia on such topics as "Calculus for a New Century: A Pump, Not a Filter."

The pattern is familiar: A problem is found. A crisis is declared. The organizations that allowed the problem to develop commence, with ample fanfare, to unveil elaborate plans to solve it. Federal agencies and private foundations disgorge dollars. Committees are created, meetings held, draft reports circulated.

Schwadron / Rothco

"This guy looks like a real crackpot!"

Almost as familiar is the emergence of a new "conventional wisdom" about what went awry and what needs doing. Here is how it goes in math education nowadays, as stated by a professor with considerable stature in the field:

> School mathematics in the United States today consists to far too great a degree of endless preparation for a payoff that will occur in the next course. In the past, it was important to acquire a broad array of specific manipulative skills to be prepared for that payoff. Prerequisites for problem-solving were abilities to do arithmetic, to do algebra, to perform the computational procedures of calculus and analytic geometry. Students accepted this promise of delayed gratification grudgingly, but they accepted it.
>
> Today the situation is very different. Anyone doing the technical work that requires secondary-school algebra, geometry, trigonometry, calculus, or statistics has access to low-cost computing technology that performs all the numerical, graphic, and symbolic manipulations that we have traditionally spent so much time training students to execute.
>
> We have before us an opportunity to sharply diminish the time devoted to training students to become more like machines. The technology already available supports strikingly effective ways of teaching and of engaging students in realistic and attractive problem-solving activities.

To oversimplify only slightly: let the calculators handle the drudgery of multiplying fractions, calculating percentages, and finding square roots. Get the kids to engage in "problem solving"—which does not mean working out the answers to rows of long-division problems but, rather, devising tactics by which to attack "word problems," also known as "story problems." (The coin question posed above is one such.)

Certainly it's not the kids' fault, aver the experts. They shouldn't have to be bored. They don't really need to practice old-fashioned arithmetic skills or to memorize "math facts." Times have changed.

This new philosophy can be found on both sides of the Atlantic. The Maths Working Group, formed to advise the British government on the new national curriculum, de-

Mr. Finn, former Assistant Secretary for Educational Research and Improvement at the Department of Education, is director of the Educational Excellence Foundation and a professor of education and public policy at Vanderbilt University. What Do Our 17-Year-Olds Know?, *co-authored with Diane Ravitch, has just been published in paperback by Harper & Row.*

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cared in August that "it is unnecessary to teach pencil-and-paper techniques for long division and long multiplication. . . . In the age of the calculator, it is not important to drill pupils in pencil-and-paper methods." Drill and practice have become dirty words with the math avant garde, roughly equivalent to the standing of the Pledge of Allegiance among the social-studies cognoscenti.

ENTER JOHN SAXON, a renegade math educator from Norman, Oklahoma, who rarely finds himself invited to sip lime seltzer with today's busy reformers. For Saxon has had the gall to tell students (in the introduction to his 1981 algebra textbook) that

> Repetition is necessary to permit all students to master all of the concepts, and then the application must be practiced for a long time to ensure retention. This practice has an element of drudgery in it, but it has been demonstrated that people who are not willing to practice fundamentals often find success elusive. Ask your favorite athletic coach for his opinion on the necessity of practicing fundamental skills.

Such views ring true to most laymen (and athletes) but they inflame the math profession. Reviewing Saxon's text, Zalman Usiskin of the University of Chicago lamented that "the book is sterile. The first real-world application exercise appears almost halfway through the book. . . . There is little work with problem solving. . . . There are no references to careers or computers."

Worse, Saxon refuses to confess his sins. Replying to Usiskin, he asserts that today's "unbelievable exodus of students from mathematics" is a result of "books that require them to attempt word problems before they have really mastered solving equations. . . . We must make students adept at solving equations before we ask them to use equations to work word problems—and then we must teach concepts and let applications wait for a while if necessary."

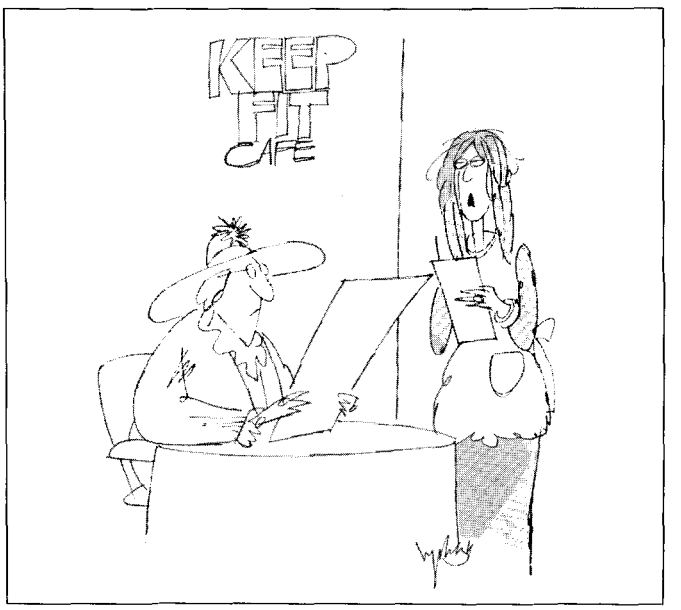
Afforded the last word in this exchange, Usiskin invoked authority, which he found in a bowl of professional alphabet soup: "Compared to recommendations in reports emanating from NCTM, NCSM, CBMS, and the MAA in recent years," he wrote, "Saxon's solution represents a perpetuation of the status quo if not a step backward."

Saxon's critics concede that he has one promising notion. Called "incremental development," it amounts to organizing math lessons in cumulative fashion such that a concept introduced at one stage keeps reappearing—and being practiced—throughout the course. This is neither the traditional approach (in which textbooks devote separate chapters to specific concepts) nor today's faddish "applications" approach, in which the student first ponders a problem and then is introduced to concepts that help solve it.

In fact, incremental development looks awfully like an ornate term for common sense. And Saxon insists—and offers considerable evidence to prove—that it works. Several thousand schools across the country now use his texts, and most report higher math test scores. Saxon says that schools using his texts have "tripled fourth-year math enrollment, doubled physics enrollment, and have had a 20 per cent increase in college board scores. But more importantly, we have been able to reduce by 50 per cent the number of students who do not take algebra in high school." His method, in other words, is especially effective in pushing slow and disadvantaged youngsters a good deal further in math than they are otherwise apt to go.

The data, it must be noted, are furnished by Saxon, and though he is a man of integrity, he is not a disinterested bystander. He has written a series of math textbooks for school systems to buy and use. Hence it is easier than it should be for the profession to dismiss his findings as self-serving. Given the immense promise suggested by those findings, it would be beneficial to have an impartial evaluation comparing the performance of students taught Saxon's way and those taught via "problem solving." But additional evidence favorable to Saxon would not move the profession, which is surely happier without any more irksome data on the matter. For what is going on here is, above all, political. Saxon has had the nerve to challenge the mandarins of the math-education establishment, to defy their pat formulations—both the old and the new—and to take actions on the basis of his own analysis. No wonder this establishment acts as if he didn't exist. Never are defenders of a conventional wisdom pricklier than when they are themselves engaged in a lemming-like migration from one version to another. Never is heresy put down more harshly than when the dogmas of the established church are newly revised.

If Saxon is right, then a lot of people with fat reputations in the field must be wrong. Education barons don't like to be wrong. They like even less to be told they are wrong. That's why they couldn't abide Bill Bennett, but he was so visible they had to contend with him. Saxon, as yet, is getting the silent treatment most of the time. So long as state and local educators can be dissuaded from buying more of Saxon's books (which might create more heretics), he can be shunned. After all, what really matters isn't whether youngsters learn math. It's whether the profession gains in stature and public acclaim in consequence of its efforts, however ill-conceived, to address the problems it may fairly be said to have created—all the while retaining control of the processes of diagnosis and solution. Isn't that what an establishment is all about? □



"We have a hypo-allergenic alfalfa quiche that's especially weird."

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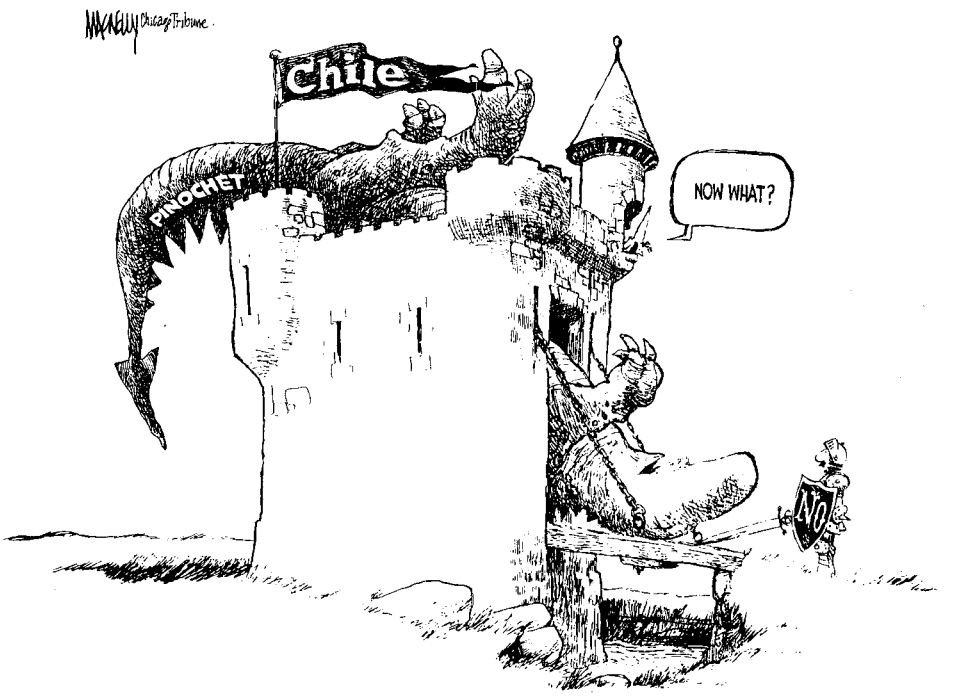
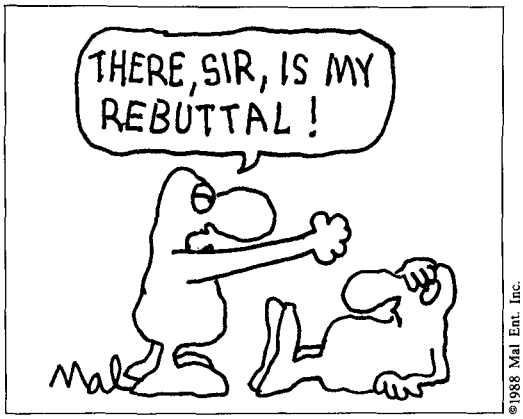


Jesse, Reined In

When twilight deepens into night
And no reporters are in sight,
He lands at some less traveled gate,
Then stumps discreetly through the state.

W. H. VON DREELE



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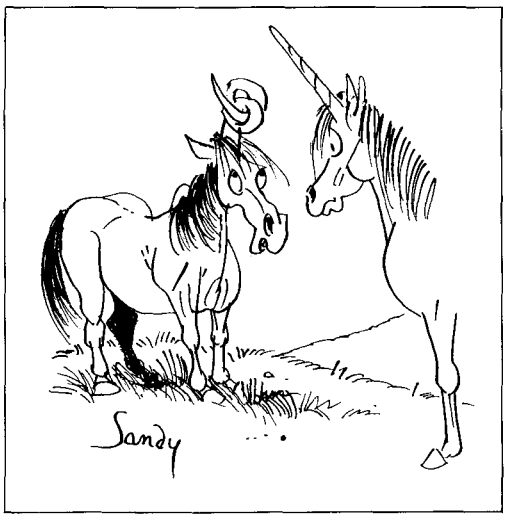
"Okay! Flight 80, hold it a minute. Flight 376, pull in your wings. And Flight 137, floorboard it, baby!"



"It happened when I tried to toot my own horn."

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SAIGON & WASHINGTON

When, 25 years ago, Ngo Dinh Diem was assassinated, his supporters blamed the United States. They were right: President Kennedy and his senior advisors, drunk with the arrogance of power, had ordered up a coup as a step toward solving the problem of Vietnam.

THEY SHOOT ALLIES, DON'T THEY?

FRANCIS X. WINTERS

I. October-November 1961

The White House

President John F. Kennedy's dispatch of General Maxwell Taylor to Saigon on October 17 signals the diplomatic style of the New Frontier. Taylor's report on Vietnam, submitted on November 3, calls for a modest commitment of eight thousand U.S. ground troops, whose introduction to South Vietnam would be masked by designating them as flood-control specialists.

Saigon

The Kennedy Administration finally pares down the Taylor proposal of eight thousand troops to seven hundred, but attaches codicils requiring U.S. involvement in Saigon decision-making. President Ngo Dinh Diem balks. "Vietnam," he informs Ambassador Frederick Nolting, "does not wish to become a protectorate of the U.S." After reconsideration, the condition attached to the dispatch of the troops is changed to merely one of "mutual consultation."

Diem's "intransigence," as it was viewed at this time in Washington, should not have surprised anyone familiar with Vietnam. For Diem lived in the shadow of Ho Chi Minh. Born in Hué on opposite banks of the Perfume River, they were weaned on the same revolutionary dream of freeing their country from the French. Steered by their respective temperaments, they early elected different routes to independence. Ho, a proletarian pilgrim, left Vietnam in the 1920s, studying in Moscow, returning to Vietnam through China, plunging into the jungle war against the elusive occupiers, first the Japanese, then the French, finally the Americans. His rival, Ngo Dinh Diem, elected the domestic role of a mandarin moralist. A brief essay at national office in 1933, as Emperor Bao Dai's Minister of the Interior with responsibility for security, ended with his resignation when he discovered that Vietnam's so-called independence under the French was illusory.

Fr. Winters, an associate professor of ethics and of international affairs at the School of Foreign Service, Georgetown University, lectures frequently for government officials on ethics and intervention. For the present article, he has interviewed almost all the senior officials involved in the Kennedy Administration's Vietnam policy.

Ho and Diem met only once as adults. In 1946 Ho's forces captured Diem and held him in prison until Ho summoned him for an interview at his mountain stronghold at Tuyen Quang. Ho took the prisoner by surprise: "I am ready to offer you a high post in my government." If Diem was surprised by the offer, Ho was equally taken aback by the response. "You and I want totally different futures for Vietnam. Can you guarantee that you will not impose a dictatorship of the proletariat here?" Diem then put Ho's protestations to the test. "I will accept the Ministry of the Interior [police] with full control of intelligence." Ho did not turn down the counter-offer out of hand. He deliberated two weeks before judging such a division of his power unwise. Their parting words were these:

DIEM: "I don't believe you understand the kind of man I am. Look me in the face. Am I a man who fears?"

HO: "No, you are not such a man."

DIEM: "Good, then I will go now."

Four years later Ho issued a death warrant for Diem, who fled to the United States. During his years there, Diem received Vietnamese visitors who offered support for his return to Vietnam. Americans, too—who spanned the political spectrum from Justice William O. Douglas to Francis Cardinal Spellman—promoted his return to Saigon as an alternative to Ho Chi Minh. It was Justice Douglas who hosted a luncheon at the Supreme Court in 1953 to introduce Diem to Senators John F. Kennedy and Mike Mansfield. Finally, that same year, Emperor Bao Dai's counselors agreed on Diem as their candidate for Prime Minister of Vietnam.

A Confucian moralist, Diem was also a monarchist, whose political philosophy assumed the immutability of social and political order, incarnated in the person of the ruler. He took a distinctly pragmatic view of this, however, successfully ending the rule of Bao Dai, whom he regarded as an irresponsible ruler, through a referendum in 1954. Diem subsequently held several "demonstration elections." But he resented the unrelenting American pressure to change the Vietnamese political order so that it would more closely resemble the American order. He felt that mimicking American political activity did not accord with the realities of Vietnamese society, would be demeaning, and would serve mainly to undermine his own authority.

Aware that his nationalist credentials were weak in com-

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parison with the martial aura of Ho Chi Minh, Diem had an uphill struggle resisting the Americans' efforts to remake him in their own image. Nonetheless Diem and his American allies made remarkable social progress from 1956 to 1962, doubling rice production, increasing rubber productivity, diversifying agriculture, redistributing lands, doubling the commercial fishing catch, eliminating the need to import sugar. At the same time, he equipped an army of 350,000. These fragile threads of stability began to display a pattern of success that would later cause Ho to recall: "1962 was Diem's year."

New Delhi and Georgetown

Conscious of his adversary in Hanoi, Diem was unaware of another one in New Delhi. There, the U.S. Ambassador —John Kenneth Galbraith, Harvard economics professor and sometime tutor to John F. Kennedy—fretted about the destiny of America's young President. As Diem was anxious about his own image of independence from Kennedy, Galbraith worried about Kennedy's image of association with this Oriental despot. Writing to his friend Arthur Schlesinger in October 1961, he proposed agitating to send Averell Harriman to Saigon as ambassador to demand democratic reforms from the regime.

Galbraith would have his chance to carry his fight against Diem to the White House when he returned the following month, accompanying Nehru on a state visit. Meeting with the President, Nehru, Harriman, and Rusk on November 7, Galbraith is pleased to hear Kennedy broach the topic of Vietnamese neutrality to Nehru. Later in Galbraith's Washington stay, he, Harriman, and Schlesinger chat over dinner about an alternative strategy in Vietnam; simply removing Diem from power. Still later this month Galbraith "purloined" (his word) the highly classified report of the Taylor mission to Vietnam. Outraged by the report's recommendation that eight thousand U.S. troops be dispatched there, Galbraith seeks and secures Kennedy's approval to visit Vietnam to evaluate the adequacy of its government. After three "intensive" days in Saigon, Galbraith judges the government to be illegitimate, urging Kennedy to "drop Diem" in favor of a military regime.

(Galbraith later volunteered that the advice he gave to Kennedy masked his real view, which was that the U.S. should "return that part of the world [Vietnam] to the obscurity for which God had so obviously predestined it." When asked why he offered the President quite contradictory advice on a matter of great national moment, he admitted that the President, who feared that losing Vietnam might result in losing the 1964 election, would have cut him out of the inner circle of the White House if he had spoken the truth about Vietnam.)

II. April-July 1962

Glen Ora, Virginia

Galbraith, back in Washington, is invited to the weekend White House at Glen Ora, in the Virginia hunt country. The President, Galbraith, and Schlesinger discuss the possibility of a neutralist settlement in Vietnam. Kennedy asks Galbraith to draft a memo proposing such a solution, which Galbraith does, with the help of Averell Harriman. Harriman, sharing Galbraith's contempt for Diem, proposes approaching Ho Chi Minh with an offer of mutual (U.S./Vietcong) reduction of forces in South Vietnam.

Geneva

Harriman succeeds in negotiating the Laos Accords, which "guarantee" the neutrality of that nation without, however, providing any measures to verify compliance. Diem objects to the Accords, which unilaterally shield North Vietnamese troops in Laos from attack by South Vietnam. The South Vietnamese delegate to the Laos conference walks out.

Saigon

Harriman arrives to persuade Diem to sign the Laos Accords. When Diem starts to outline the objections, Harriman ostentatiously yanks his hearing aid from his ear, closing his eyes and waiting for the storm to pass.

Later, Ambassador Nolting persuades Diem to sign the Accords, which would permit Ho Chi Minh to construct without interference the trail from North to South Vietnam that would come to bear his name. Harriman's critics later rename the trail the "W. Averell Harriman Memorial Highway."

Geneva

Harriman is authorized by Kennedy to make the first official approach to North Vietnam, seeking out the Foreign Minister, Ung Van Khien, to offer an extension of the generous terms of the Laotian "neutrality" to Vietnam as well. Harriman's instructions include cautions to conceal this *démarche* from Diem, who is, quite reasonably, assumed to be opposed to this offer to abandon South Vietnam to the Communist North.

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While his admirers, including the magnanimous Dean Rusk, considered Harriman "an able generalist," his critics thought the expression "general ableist" more fitting. The governor, displaying the energy and ambition of an adolescent, was able to effect anything a (Democratic) President wanted. The formula worked as predicted with Kennedy, who promoted Harriman to the post of Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs in March 1963.

III. December 1962-March 1963

Palm Beach, Florida

Senator Mike Mansfield reports to Kennedy on a visit to Diem made on a trip requested by the President. Mansfield's gloomy assessment reflects his shock at the deterioration in Diem's personal and political condition. Mansfield, who had supported Diem for a decade, has now given up on him, urging JFK to prepare for a retreat from the beleaguered outpost. Kennedy angrily rejects the report, but later regrets his response.

Alarmed by the revelations of Diem's declining fortunes, Kennedy dispatches Mike Forrestal (now McGeorge Bundy's Southeast Asia officer on the National Security Council) and Roger Hilsman (who was soon to replace Harriman as Assistant Secretary of State for the Far East) to Vietnam to reassess America's stakes in the region.

Washington

Kennedy admits to Senator Mansfield (and others) in February that he has come around to Mansfield's view and intends to withdraw the U.S. commitment to Diem, but not until after his own re-election in 1964. The reason for his delayed response to Mansfield's advice: abandoning Vietnam to the Communists in 1963, after virtually abandoning Laos under the guise of "neutralism" in the Laos Accords the previous year, would cost him re-election.

Vung Tau, a resort on the South China Sea

A new factor enters the equation, as 25,000 Buddhists converge for the dedication of a new statue of the Buddha. Vietnamese Buddhism was one of the few factors of social cohesion that survived the French colonial intervention. Not surprisingly, therefore, it re-emerged as a vehicle of nationalism, a harbinger of hope for national renewal. Diem himself had sensed this political potential and, despite his own family's three-hundred-year tradition of Catholicism, had meticulously cultivated the Buddhist revival. In the nine years of his rule, Diem had constructed 1,200 new pagodas and rebuilt 1,200 more.

Though far from a majority of Vietnamese, the four million Buddhists were a significant segment of the population of 14 million. They outnumbered Catholics almost three to one (there were 1.5 million Catholics). The government of South Vietnam could ignore such a constituency only at its peril. Opposition forces, looking to unseat Diem, had at hand a ready-made vanguard of revolution.

IV. May-June 1963

Hué

Tri Quang, a successful lawyer who had turned to a life of religious devotion by entering a Buddhist monastery in 1958, emerges once more to public life on May 8, 1963, at the annual observance of the Buddha's birthday. He turns the second day of the festival into a protest against religious persecution, seizing the radio station to broadcast his indictment of Diem. Government security forces, seeking to restore order, enter a melee in which seven people are killed by an explosion.

Saigon

Tri Quang is now a resident of the Xa Loi Pagoda in Saigon. On the morning of June 11, several monks from this pagoda drive to a busy downtown intersection in the company of an elderly monk, Quang Duc, and abet his efforts to burn himself alive. Aimed at the liberal sentiments of the White House, the monk's sacrifice captures the sympathies of the American people for the "majority" religion of Vietnam, Buddhism, allegedly suffering repression by the Catholic president. (Later official U.S. analysis would estimate the activist segment of the Buddhist community at 400,000.)

Tri Quang, sensing the vulnerability of a Catholic President in a Protestant nation caught supporting a Catholic president in a Buddhist nation, decides to press his case in the court of public opinion. Summoning an American journalist, Tri Quang urges her to tell Kennedy to abandon Diem. "If he does not, he will see ten . . . forty . . . fifty bonzes burning."

Dublin

President Kennedy, while basking in the nostalgia of his triumphal presidential tour of Ireland, signals his solution to the Buddhist question in Vietnam. On June 27, he announces the replacement of the U.S. Ambassador in Saigon, Fritz Nolting—known to be sympathetic to Diem—by Henry Cabot Lodge, his old political rival.

Lodge had been mentioned to Kennedy for the post of ambassador by Dean Rusk, to whom Lodge had personally proposed this assignment. Seeking perhaps to insulate himself from partisan attack over his evolving policies in Southeast Asia, Kennedy chose Lodge despite vigorous staff protest. He was a politician who would be able to handle the press, who were increasingly becoming principal actors in the unfolding drama in Saigon.

V. July-November 1963

Hanoi

Ho Chi Minh signals a willingness to compromise with Diem on Vietnam's future. Through the Polish member of the International Control Commission, Mieczyslaw Maneli, Ho sends a message that Diem will not be challenged as head of a southern government in a federated Vietnam. He adds a personal greeting: "Shake his hand for me. Diem is a patriot in his own way."

To a journalist, Wilfred Burchett, Ho announces that he is open to the possibility of a ceasefire, in hopes of driving a wedge between Diem and Kennedy.

Saigon

On August 7, Diem welcomes to his palace a sympathetic American journalist, Marguerite Higgins of the *New York Herald Tribune*, for an interview. Diem asks: "What am I to think of the American government? Am I merely a puppet on Washington's string? If you order Vietnam

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around like a puppet on a string, how will you be different from the French? I hope that your government will take a good look at these generals plotting to take my place. There are no George Washingtons among our military.

"The key to good relations between the United States and Vietnam, whether it is governed by me or *those who come after me* [a refrain in Diem's long discourse], is respect for the substance of sovereignty. The newer independence is, the more passionate is the people's attachment to it."

Washington

Harriman, Forrestal, and Hilsman interrupt a rare Saturday golf outing of George Ball (Acting Secretary of State in Rusk's absence). Harriman insists that a cable from the newly arrived Ambassador Lodge in Saigon requires an immediate reply. Ball cables Lodge to order Diem to remove his brother, Nhu, from government, on penalty of a U.S. search for an alternative government. The cable requires Lodge to meet personally with Diem to explain this new policy.

Saigon

On August 25, Lodge, declining to meet Diem, orders CIA Chief of Station John Richardson to proceed directly to step two of the plan, alerting the generals that Washington has given the green light for a coup.

Lodge, quickly discovering that there are neither George Washingtons nor Benedict Arnolds among the Saigon generals, turns in desperation to the colonels. This change of rank involves an indefinite delay in the change of government.

Washington

Diem's Buddhist emissary to the UN General Assembly, Prince Buu Hoi, calls on Harriman and Hilsman to parry their call for "pluralism" in Vietnam. Seeking to initiate them into the mysteries of Buddhist pluralism, Buu Hoi presents a letter from Thich Tran Khiet, the leader of Vietnamese Buddhism, in which Thich Tran Khiet deplored Tri Quang's politicization of the Buddhist heritage. Early in their meeting, Harriman yanks the hearing aid from his ear, a nervous gesture he often displays in the presence of Asians.

The next day, General Taylor and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara report back to Kennedy on the new fact-finding mission he has sent them on. They accept Lodge's view that it is too late to reform Diem, and argue against calling off the coup. They also agree to the policy change demanded by the plotters: suspension of U.S. assistance to Nhu's special forces under Colonel Le Quang Tung. When word reaches Saigon of this cutoff, the colonels choose the day for their coup, the Feast of All Saints (November 1).

Saigon

Diem summons Tran Van Dihn, recently returned from the embassy in Washington, to issue instructions for his new assignment as ambassador in New Delhi. Tran is to await there the arrival of a high official from Hanoi to discuss further the proposals of a Vietnamese federation that Ho Chi Minh had broached in July. Cautioning his ambassador against unwarranted optimism, Diem is unable to conceal his own.

Saigon, All Saints Day

The coup duly took place. Diem, offered asylum (along with Tri Quang, who had taken refuge in the U.S. Embassy in late August), preferred death to dishonor. After a final prayerful vigil, he and his brother Nhu assisted at their last Mass, the commemoration of all the faithful departed. He rose to meet his fate, was handcuffed, thrown into an armored personnel carrier, shot in the head, and dumped into a cemetery facing the embassy.

This did not, however, still the voice of Tri Quang, the American oracle of Vietnamese Buddhism. Between 1963 and 1966, his principal religious function was to preside at the obsequies of the eight military governments that sprang from Lodge's scheme to bring Vietnam into the twentieth century. His impartial demonstrations against all these successor governments ended with his imprisonment in 1966.

John Kennedy's legacy to Vietnam was a set of dominoes. The dominoes were those eight military governments that briefly succeeded Diem, each standing precariously after a coup, then toppling in turn.

To his own countrymen the young President left a debt, the debt—not unreasonably—felt by U.S. government officials who had conspired to remove Diem from office. Having installed a government by force, Washington could find no decent way to disown it. Thus the Johnson Administration was drawn ineluctably into the Saigon vortex. Instability was Kennedy's legacy to South Vietnam. Instability in Saigon bred inflexibility in Washington.

At one point in this saga, Ambassador Galbraith—using a phrase that he later admitted had attracted him more by its sound than by its sense—said to President Kennedy, "Nothing succeeds like successors." At the time of Diem's assassination, 98 Americans had died in Vietnam. □

"I see Pinochet has finally succumbed to democracy in Chile. One has to keep the pressure on those right-wing dictators, eh, Speaker Wright?"

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MUST WE PAY FOR PERESTROIKA?

WITH THE TAXPAYER LEFT HOLDING THE BAG

TOM BETHELL

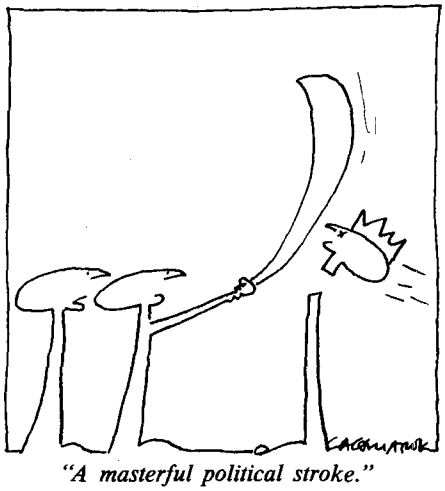
When Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin came into the Madison Hotel, with his retinue and his ostentatious hairdo, I thought the pin-striped American businessmen packed tight into the conference room just might rise to their feet and give him a standing ovation. They had paid an "investment" of $995 to attend this "executive briefing" on "U.S. business opportunities in the Soviet Union," sponsored by Hill & Knowlton, and organized by *Business Week* and the Institute for International Research. Soviet officials were dotted about the room, and the spirit of Armand Hammer and Dwayne Andreas pervaded the proceedings. Andreas, the chairman of Archer-Daniels-Midland, recently wrote an article for *The International Economy* entitled "I Have Seen the Future and It Can Work."

Dobrynin referred to former U.S. Ambassador to Moscow Arthur Hartmann (chairman of the conference) as his "colleague," while Hartmann in turn said that Dobrynin was a "valued colleague of our Secretary of State."

Kempton B. Jenkins, Armco's Corporate Vice President for International Affairs, deplored "rigid cynics" who "really are more comfortable with confrontation." Ambassador Dobrynin deplored our "unjustifiably prohibitive export control system" and thought that "we" should be doing something about it. (By "we" he implied "us" in the room.)

Businessmen who work for large U.S. corporations are sometimes difficult to understand. They seem so insulated from reality, perhaps secure in the knowledge that it is not their money they are risking. And they are earnestly persuaded that all world problems will crumble away in the face of one more ounce of American good will.

At the conference they were talking happily about the "Soviet market," understood to be "untapped" and visualized as follows: 270 million Russians without washer/driers, detergent, hamburgers, French fries, etc. But Russians do not have these things because "the market" is illegal in the Soviet Union. It became a Communist country in 1917 with just that end in mind. If the system is changed so that "the market" becomes legal, then the Soviet people will go to work and provide these goods for one another.



"A masterful political stroke."

The Soviet government is not constrained by the rule of law. Contracts are not enforceable, and that is what makes business there so difficult. But I suspect many at the conference would have thought this the same old right-wing rhetoric. Even so, they were given plenty of warning. Michael Rae, the President of Argus Trading Company, said an American in Moscow had told him that doing business there was like "trying to drive a car from the trunk." Under *perestroika* he aspired to reach the back seat.

"A number of people in this room have already been burnt in China," I was told during a coffee break. There the Communist government rewrote contracts to its heart's content once Western capital had been lured in.

There was much talk of "joint ventures," of which there are now more than one hundred (17 with U.S. companies). On paper, the Soviets own 51 per cent of such ventures (in reality much more, of course). The most pressing problem is that foreigners can't repatriate profits in hard currency. And they can't take rubles out either. Which means they are forced into the barter business. John Kiser, a specialist in East-to-West trade, told of American businessmen coming back not with profits but with "Moldavian tomato paste and Russian shotguns." He told me later that GM and Pepsico, among others, have set up trading companies to dispose of their large holdings of Soviet-made goods —"fish oil or whatever," he said. Such all-too-tangible returns arouse the suspicion that American corporations must be doing business in the Soviet Union primarily out of a sense of philanthropy, perhaps even a kind of corporate *noblesse oblige*.

The main lunch speaker, from the State Department's Office of Soviet

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Affairs, no less, shocked everyone by jokingly comparing Mikhail Gorbachev to a Mafia boss. The Hill & Knowlton organizer told me later he didn't even want to think about it, so embarrassing had it been. Here they were trying to repair relations, and with all those nice Soviet guests in attendance . . .

As the Iron Law of Conferences held true (the number in attendance diminishes with time) only about half remained to hear Helmut Sonnenfeldt of the Brookings Institution, who spoke on the second day. He made the interesting point that *perestroika* makes life harder, not easier, for the foreign businessman. "The Soviet Union is no longer the placid, predictable place that it was," he told his audience. "It was a given, a known. It is no longer. In the foreign-trade area some of your old friends are in jail [charged with corruption], if they're still alive."

His point was that a totalitarian, centralized state makes it easy for (say) Lenin to give Armand Hammer, or Brezhnev to give Donald Kendall, what a businessman always wants: a monopoly. That, surely, has been the great appeal of "doing business" in the Soviet Union. Not Soviet markets but Soviet monopoly. But now? With *perestroika*?

"You won't get an industry-wide monopoly," Sonnenfeldt told me. The Soviets have discovered "that competition is a way to drive down prices."

His remarks were partly corroborated by John Reed Jr., a vice president of Archer-Daniels-Midland. He described ADM's plan to construct a large soybean plant in the Soviet Union, intended to produce soy concentrate. This would "significantly and quickly increase Soviet food supplies." But one day in Moscow he found out that a competitive company was working in the same field! Ouch! You can go to see the man in the Moscow ministry, Reed pointed out, and he can issue an edict, but now, under *perestroika*, "we're not sure it will be carried out."

It's enough to arouse suspicion that these people don't mind investing in the USSR because in the end they believe they will be bailed out by U.S. taxpayers. □

DOLLARS & SICKLES

ANDREW GOLDMAN

SEVENTY YEARS after Lenin banished capitalists from the Soviet Union, Western banks, brokerage houses, and accounting firms are scrambling to finance a piece of *perestroika*. Once more, the West is demonstrating an inability to safeguard its collective interest when dealing with the Soviets. Former Treasury Secretary William Simon recently asked, "Should we bail out Gorbachev?" In fact, Western bankers and governments apparently want not only to bail him out, but to throw him a party.

The problem of Western loans and credits to the Soviets can be stated very simply: We're losing the opportunity to force Mikhail Gorbachev to make the choice between guns and butter. Instead, we have allowed him the luxury of increasing his military budget by pumping in desperately needed hard currency. This point was made in a September 1988 House Armed Services Defense Policy Panel report, which examined whether there were *any* traces of military cutbacks due to Gorbachev's reform campaign. The report concluded: ". . . not only has Gorbachev failed to suppress defense spending, but it has actually increased. According to preliminary unclassified intelligence estimates, Soviet military spending grew by about 3 per cent in both 1986 and 1987, almost double the growth of the 1981-1986 period. . . ."

Nor is it merely a matter of more resources devoted to military spending. Soviet military doctrine remains as aggressive as ever. "Western intelligence analysts have searched in vain for any firm sign that the training, structure, and doctrine of the armed forces have changed," notes the London *Sunday Times* (October 23, 1988). Specifically, the *Times* points out that Warsaw Pact factories have been making new weapons to keep pace with an ongoing armed-forces modernization program; that no troops have been withdrawn from Europe and no tanks have turned back to their bases in the rear areas.

COULD THE SOVIETS be financing this buildup and maintaining a global empire without Western credits? Not a chance. Their largest money earners, oil and gas, have recently taken a price beating, which has led to a serious drop in Russia's hard-currency earnings. In 1986, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, Moscow earned less than $11 billion from its oil and natural-gas exports —a drop of 40 per cent from 1984. Still more important, the Soviet Union's terms of trade have deteriorated substantially since January 1986, when the current five-year plan was launched. The result is, as *Institutional Investor* reports, that "the growth rate in net material product (the favored Soviet measure of economic activity) has slipped from a respectable 4.1 per cent to 2.3 per cent." One measure of the Soviets' difficulties is that their hard-currency earnings are about equal to their purchase of Western goods and their debt service. That can only mean that their imperial obligations and their foreign-aid programs are financed entirely by Western credits. In hearings this October before the House Banking Committee, C. R. Neu, senior economist at the Rand Corporation, testified that "Western creditors have been helping to finance the Soviet foreign-assistance program . . . the Soviet Union is passing these funds on to client states—in the form of hard-currency loans and grants and through subsidized exports of goods . . ."

The Soviets need those credits desperately. Fortunately for them, the West in 1986 was lending money to the Soviet bloc at the rate of roughly $2 billion each month. About 80 per cent of that comes in the form of "untied loans," which means the Soviets can use the money for any purposes without any questions being asked by the lender.

Mr. Goldman is the senior research analyst for defense and foreign affairs for the House Republican Research Committee.

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WHAT WE'RE PAYING FOR

Excerpts from an editorial in the London Sunday Times, *October 23, 1988*:

☐ The West has been throwing money at Yugoslavia's problems for years because it was supposed to be the best economic bet in Communist Europe. As a result the country owes $20 billion to Western banks such as Barclays and the Midland in Britain, Manufacturers Hanover and Citibank in America, Société Générale in France, and Dresdner in West Germany.

They might never get their money back. As the *Wall Street Journal* concluded this week: "It would not be in the least surprising to see a new Yugoslavian government repudiate the foreign debts . . . If the old regime stays, it's hard to imagine the banks getting repaid. Either way, they lose."

☐ Mr. Mikhail Gorbachev's nightmare is that his attempts at *perestroika*—the "restructuring" of the Soviet economy—fare no better than Yugoslavia's. So far he has produced no economic miracles, and any loosening of the Kremlin's grip threatens to unleash Yugoslav-style ethnic unrest . . .

Are the Siberians of Krasnoyarsk, who berated the visiting Mr. Gorbachev over food shortages at the end of the summer, prepared to suffer things getting worse before *perestroika* puts meat on their tables? And for how long will the Baltic states be allowed a long leash . . . when it is already clear that the Estonians, Latvians, and Lithuanians want real autonomy for their strategic territories within a Soviet confederation (another echo of Yugoslavia)? . . .

☐ While Mr. Gorbachev has been preaching *perestroika* he has also presided over a massive modernization of the Soviet military. In the past 12 months alone the Soviet navy has commissioned one Victor III nuclear submarine, one Sovremennyy, and two Udaloy missile destroyers; development of the new long-range supersonic Blackjack bomber has continued apace: ten have now been built and may already be operational; Soviet air defense troops have just received five hundred new SA-10 missiles, and the air force has replaced two hundred aging MiG-27s with two hundred SU-17s and one hundred fifty MiG-23s, and MiG-25s with the new MiG-29; most threatening of all for the West, Soviet ground forces on the border with West Germany have received three hundred new T-80 tanks, along with hundreds of new missiles, troop carriers, guns, mortars, and mobile artillery.

Sometimes, of course, the West just pumps its money directly into the Soviet client states, avoiding the middleman. Consider Western European bilateral aid to Nicaragua for the fiscal year 1987-88: Sweden, for example, sent $30 million, a 19 per cent increase over last year, and Norway is expected to provide $12 million, a 25 per cent increase over last year and a 250 per cent increase over 1986.

Especially disturbing is how quickly and easily the Soviets have penetrated Western capital markets. Consider just what has happened over the past year. At the beginning of November 1987, a consortium of West German banks signed an agreement to extend a $1.6-billion credit package to the Soviets. Even more staggering, London banks are preparing a line of credit that may reach $2.6 billion. French banks, according to news reports, are on the verge of extending a $1.9-billion line of credit. And the traditionally largest lender, Tokyo, plans to pump in a $2-billion loan. But these are all private-sector loans. Meanwhile, a group of Italian banks led by the state-owned Mediocredito Centrale is set to extend $766 million to the Soviets, making this the biggest *official* loan from a Western country to the Soviet Union since 1979. This Italian loan, moreover, was unveiled—hold your breath—with calls from the Italian Prime Minister for a "Marshall Plan" for the Soviet bloc. In short, we're looking at possibly $9 billion in credits streaming to the Soviets.

How can the West turn around on this issue and start looking out for its joint security? With regard to the banks, greater voluntary discipline and responsibility is essential, as Bankers Trust Senior Vice President Lawrence Brainard recognized when he noted, "No banker should be so naïve [as] to believe that Western financing of the Soviet Union can grow and prosper without proper consideration of the economics of security concerns." This means getting the banks to stem the flow of undisciplined "untied credits." If they prove reluctant, as they very well might, it's time to tap the grass-roots potential of this issue. A major political constituency in this country could be mobilized by putting the word out that even where the loans are not subsidized or guaranteed by the government, banks are lending to the Soviets at roughly one-third the rate Americans pay for consumer credit. Just consider the farmers and small businessmen who are desperate for such generous terms. And in the case of the banks' floating notes and bonds for the Soviets, how safe should Americans feel if their pension funds and insurance companies start taking Soviet paper into their portfolios?

With Western government lending, the most immediate task is to articulate a *common* Alliance position, since the lending is too spread out among France, West Germany, Britain, Japan, and the U.S. for any one country to make a successful unilateral effort. Instead, the West needs a united effort to define the issue of loans and credits as a component of defense "burden-sharing." Not unreasonably. If Western credits help to finance the Soviet military effort, which they do, then they necessitate higher Western defense spending. So the West might ask the Japanese to compensate for their very low defense spending by curtailing the untied portion of their estimated $9.5 billion (1986 figures) in loans to the Warsaw Pact countries.

(Continues on page 62)

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THE MYTH OF MODERN MAN

A SPECTER is haunting the theological world. It is the ghost of Modern Man. Twenty years ago I attended a conference of theologians at Nijmegen, in the Netherlands, at which Modern Man was assiduously invoked and celebrated. With awful daring I asked one of his devotees how many modern men there actually were. "What?" he cried. "In a percentage?" I was pretty sharply given to understand that Modern Man merely *is*. He exists *de fide*.

Ten years ago I was asked by the lively and progressive Vicar of M (or N) if I could devise a Myth for Modern Man such as might go down well in south London. Unfortunately, Modern Man as preached in Nijmegen had no need of myths and, in any case, I couldn't see why a vicar needed a myth surplus to what he had already. All the same, I recommended him to a Freudian friend of mine, assuming that when it came to myths a Freudian would have much more to offer than I could muster. I don't know what happened then, except that the vicar got promoted.

Last year I went to a colloquium addressed by a dapper Flemish Jesuit who flaunted a button, CHRISTIANS FOR CAPITALISM. He was an academic pollster and had produced some percentages that could be regarded as documenting the arrival of Modern Man (and the way in which Woman was becoming as modern in religious matters as Man). His report showed that while the vast majority of Europeans believe in God, a diminishing proportion of them see Him as "personal." Another Flemish theologian present seemed delighted with this conclusion, since it fitted in very well with his doctrine of progress. He said the poll results showed how the general population was "catching up with Spinoza." It seemed that what Spinoza had concluded by rigorous reasoning more than three centuries ago could nowadays be arrived at by your average ignoramus through a kind of social instinct. I keeled over at this cool display of blatant faith. This theologian, like the Bishop of Durham, plainly believed that the intellectual pathfinders get there first, and then the masses trundle into line. (Of course St. Thomas Aquinas also argued that "God is not a person," but nobody suggested the masses had just caught up with Thomism.)

One day this summer I gave an educated adolescent a lift in my car. Our conversation turned, as such conversations do, to the millennium. I soon discovered he knew much more about it than I did. He got his information from Nostradamus.

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It is now time to confess I am a cowardly agnostic about the advent of Modern Man. I recognize that there are some *disjecta membra* about that could belong to him. When my wife and a colleague talked at length to a hundred young people not long ago, they uncovered just a hint of this object of current theological faith. The young people had a vague sense that some scientist or other (was his name perhaps Darwin?) had certified that "the Bible wasn't true." Their view of Scripture was entirely pre-critical, and their notion of scientific method non-existent. But they had a reverence for scientific words. If you could, say, defend poltergeists with references to energy, they were an easy prey to belief. Assuredly they were not principled skeptics.

THE REMARKABLE Flemish Jesuit in favor of capitalism had produced at least one other datum relevant to the existence of Modern Man. Apart from mostly believing in God, it seems about a quarter of Europeans believe in reincarnation. This is *not* a very modern belief. And to extend the catalogue of unlikely and obstreperous belief worldwide you can go to America (which at least *looks* more modern than Europe) and find extensive belief in the devil. Visit me in Dallas, Texas, where the twenty-first century is en route, and you will encounter a society saturated in piety. If you then move on to Cairo or Istanbul and sample the new technological elite, who presumably approximate modernity, you will find the most vigorous nests of fundamentalism. Perhaps modern men (as distinct from Modern Man) do not play up to theological expectations.

But of course we know that this kind of evidence is not really real. Cairo and Dallas may appear to be sharing the same modern moment with us, but they are, in fact, *behind*. By definition a modern man who believes that kind of thing is not modern. He is trapped in a temporary social bubble about to burst. In Durham-type language, he is waiting to catch up with people like us on the leading edge of progress. What do the inhabitants of Dallas and Cairo know about "reading a text" or about demythologizing their faith to make it potent among the people?

Anyone seriously in search of pleasure should ask a Muslim intellectual to address a group of liberal-minded theologians. Such an attractive event was recently arranged in London. Apart from dismissing the Moral Majority as weak-kneed persons lacking in serious political ambition, the eloquent Muslim argued that in an important sense Islam and fundamentalism are well nigh identical. He hoped the Faithful would never criticize the Koran as Christians criticize the Bible.

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It seemed just the moment to assert the universal scope of criticism and to drop a polite hint about being behind. Several faces suggested as much. But in our "modern secular, plural, and multicultural society," it is very illiberal to tell anyone of a faith other than Christianity that you think him retarded or plain wrong. So nobody dared confess that Western liberals were on the leading edge of progress.

And what is Modern Man that the theologian should be so mindful of him? The answer is simple. The closest approximation to Modern Man is a theologian undergoing a prolonged crisis of faith. Modern Man is made in the image of theologians, so there is no need to document his existence in what might be regarded as a truly Modern-Mannish way. Dive only into your soul and there he is, staring at you, alive and ready to be projected onto everybody else. I doubt; therefore Modern Man is.

What a piece of work is this Modern Man! How god-like . . . He is a self-subsistent being, continuously creating himself. He defers to no external rules, but monitors his world, situation by situation, seeking the self-expressing and authentic inner response. He has thrown down all authority from its seat, because he is his own authority. He tests all things and judges all things by the weight of evidence in the scales of reason. In sickness or any other adversity he casts away magic or miracle or prayer to rely solely on the best technical solution available. For him all emperors are naked, whether god-like dictators or imperious gods. He is singular and alone. Perhaps (though this is not a universal article of faith) he is even without personal guilt, since evil has been finally tracked to its lair in social structure. As one bishop put it to me: Personal confession of sin is inappropriate till after the revolution.

It is this composite creature, more or less present in the doubtful theologian, who does duty as an unargued explanation of declines in religion—or rather *the* decline of religion. No matter what the actual state of the evidence, facts only become visible insofar as they illustrate and confirm the epiphany of Modern Man. If he is not yet fully in the world, fear not, he is coming, he is in process. To see him "en route," watch the drama of personal agony displayed by the theologian as he is metamorphosed into the New Creature of the future. About this metamorphosis and its ability to explain the fate of religious institutions there can be no doubt.

Yet consider whether we really need notions like the Advent of Modern Man to explain falling attendances at church. Might we not merely observe that fewer people are present at movie theaters, football games, trade-union gatherings, and political meetings? Smaller crowds for the Redskins presumably have little to do with a mutation in the existential substance of humankind. Maybe there are all kinds of mundane sociological reasons for declining participation in all kinds of activities, religion included.

Again, why not be realistic about the touching belief that modern people will return to worship if only they are invited to believe in less and to engage in the true adventure of faith, i.e., doubt. In fact there is nothing in the past or present to suggest that people will be thus attracted, provided doubts are exhibited and debated with sufficient vigor. We might at least be agnostic about that.

In matters of liberal expectations and explanations it is worth considering the following daunting evidence. So long as the Roman Church defended the social and dogmatic fortress it built between 1860 and 1960, it remained more successful than almost any other religious body. As soon as it admitted liberal understandings of society, it faltered and shrank, both in its heartlands and, perhaps even more dramatically, in those predominantly Protestant countries where Catholics had been a lively and cohesive minority. Today the most successful religious group relatively is the conservative evangelicals. It could almost be said that insofar as churches liberalize, they also decline. The prime example of liberal openness is Unitarianism, and in Britain at least it is close to extinction. Also almost extinct is the Student Christian Movement, its place taken by Christian Unions. Up to the Sixties the SCM had provided an excellent forum of ideas. Then it went "open" and empty.

One last item of liberal theological belief that could benefit from uncertainty is the idea that the fate of religion follows the trajectory provided by a conventional Western history of ideas. The British TV series *The Sea of Faith*, written by the Reverend Don Cupitt, was a prime example of a close relationship presupposed between a selective genealogy of intellectual history and the changing map of faith. We moved with majestic instancy through lines of thinkers all the way from the Dark Ages to Cambridge. Yet what was presented had only a faint overlap with the social dynamics that in fact give rise to changing distributions of belief and practice. Indeed, the program was a variety of what theologians call *Heilsgeschichte*: a sacred story projected onto history.

Confronted with all the proclamations and epiphanies of Modern Man, we might do well to pause and recognize how deeply our thought is impregnated with every kind of sacred story: liberal, Marxist, Freudian, or whatever. From Moscow to Cambridge to Johannesburg to Jakarta, it is holy tales that shape and excite the protean faiths of modern men and women. Mere present-day humankind (as distinct from Modern Man) seems not at all to be skeptical and autonomous, but needy, dependent, enveloped by sacred stories, and devastatingly apt for faiths. □

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BACK TO (HUMAN) NATURE

Joseph Sobran

In Pursuit: Of Happiness and Good Government, by Charles Murray (Simon & Schuster, 341 pp., $19.95)

IN THE twentieth century, Communism has become common sense. The solution to every problem is of course the Communistic one—using "Communistic" as Marx used it, to denote not a surreptitious allegiance to a foreign power (there was no Soviet Union while Marx lived) but the disposition to use the state to expropriate wealth for an alleged common good.

This common good, in turn, is conceived reductively: it refers to the biological desires (or "drives") that are thought to constitute our common humanity. Frustrated desire gives the state a mandate to pool wealth by force in order to assuage it. Even in the capitalist U.S., this is the working assumption that guides politicians and policy-makers. There's hunger around? So tax us. Create a program to abolish it. Even the reactionary Reagan Administration has been known to boast of its increased food-stamp outlays.

Libertarians and conservatives have coped with Communist enthymemes mostly by rejecting, not answering, the presuppositions. Some critics have argued that the Communist programs don't work on their own terms, and the populace is uneasy about them too. The 1988 campaign has seen liberals treating "liberal"—their own chosen euphemism for Communistic reflexes—as a smear. They understandably don't want to admit that their philosophy has been discredited by experience; they prefer to blame their image on Roger Ailes's perverse wizardry. "Liberal," it seems, is a "label" imposed by the Other.

Now they'll have to cope with Charles Murray's newest book, *In Pursuit: Of Happiness and Good Government.* It doesn't inveigh against liberals. Instead, it addresses the buried premises of misguided ad-hoc policies, allegedly pragmatic, but actually doctrinaire and therefore destructive to the human realities they refuse to take into account. The soul, for instance.

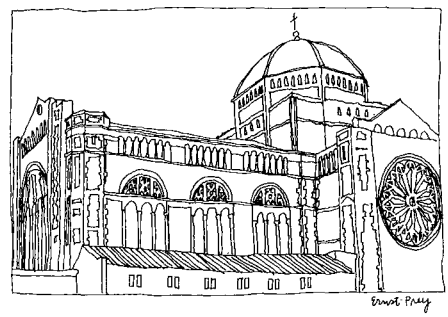
Murray doesn't speak of "the soul." He picks his fight in the most agreeable tone he can manage. Social policy, he insists, must, no matter how empirical its methods, derive from some conception of "human nature." Man is more than a bundle of drives. He observably has long-term purposes, which Murray, following the Founders, is willing to sum up as "the pursuit of happiness."

This "happiness," however defined, is more than sensual gratification. It means something like "lasting and justified satisfaction with one's life as a whole." It has no single form, but we can rule out any drug addict's claim that he is living a happy life. "Happiness," Murray says, "is more than a feeling." In essence it's moral.

Murray appeals to ordinary intuitive morality. You wouldn't be pleased if your own child lived a life of unremitting hedonistic indulgence, every appetite cloyed. Why use only hedonistic criteria for a good society?

True, a certain amount of wealth—enough to prevent physical misery—is necessary to happiness. " 'Poverty,' " he notes sardonically, "has in recent years been to policy analysts what damnation is to a Baptist preacher." Agreed, we can't have people starving. But the concept of poverty has taken wings and has been defined not only in relative but in almost metaphysical terms: compare Michael Harrington's "invisible poverty," afflicting those who are well fed, clothed, and sheltered. (Any excuse for Communism will do.)

Every man has to find happiness on his own terms. That's why society, including government, can only enable the *pursuit* of happiness. The preconditions of the pursuit include more than food and shelter. We also need, for instance, safety. But even this isn't enough. We have to be able to trust the people we live among to observe standards of civil conduct when police protection has already done its part. Murray suggests, if I understand him, that much of society's wealth lies in the quality of its people. This too is moral, and of no less practical consequence for that. The much-disparaged



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John Lukacs's latest book, Budapest 1900, *will be published in January by Weidenfeld & Nicolson.*

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middle-class values are necessities, not arbitrary luxuries.

Much of *In Pursuit* is an attempt to connect the insights of current psychology and sociology with the older idiom of civic virtue. Self-respect (which Murray carefully distinguishes from self-esteem) is a profound individual need as well as a social cohesive. Rights don't just *entail* responsibilities: responsibilities are as basic as rights. We can't live happily without them.

Murray presses his arguments gently, acknowledging that they don't settle all specific policy questions. He merely insists that if he is right about these things, then policy-makers have to take them into account from now on. It's a modest stipulation.

Though he agrees with the Founders on what human nature is, and therefore on what government should by and large do, Murray also pays his respects to the Anti-Federalists, whose reservations about a strong central government have been vindicated over the long run. The pseudonymous Brutus spoke for many when he predicted that "the federal legislature [would] lessen and ultimately [would] subvert the state authority"; and that "the judges under this constitution [would] control the legislature, for the supreme court are authorized in the last resort to determine what is the extent of the powers of the Congress; they are to give the constitution an explanation, and there is no power above them to set aside their judgment." All Brutus failed to foresee was that the Supreme Court would steer clear of antagonizing Congress (which can clip the Court's power) and would instead bully the helpless state legislatures. The Court has rarely challenged Congress's assumption of new powers. (How the Tenth Amendment was ever supposed to be enforced is anybody's guess.)

In Murray's view, society is prior to government. Governing should be as far as possible a local affair; the state should try to evoke society's own energies, keeping coercion at a minimum. When we contemplate social problems, Murray thinks we should be guided by the metaphor of "healing" rather than of engineering.

No short summary can do justice, etc. *NR* readers have already been treated to two excerpts from *In Pursuit*, both of which display Murray's singular gift for complete and imaginative rethinkings of old questions. His talent for saying profound things colorfully will probably give this book the impact it deserves to have. □

ESCAPE FROM REALITY

Peter Brimelow

Our Long National Daydream: A Political Pageant of the Reagan Era, by Sidney Blumenthal (Harper & Row, 327 pp., $18.95)

THE PUBLICATION of a book like *Our Long National Daydream* is a signal proof, if any were needed, that America's cultural institutions are still firmly in the hands of what we are apparently no longer allowed to call liberals. Publishers as a group are notoriously prejudiced against collecting journalists' articles between hard covers. This has always seemed to me a matter of pure professional pique, an irrational feeling that authors ought to damn well suffer for the privilege of publication, for the format is a powerful one with many distinguished antecedents—*The Federalist Papers*, for a start. But be that as it may, Sidney Blumenthal's articles, from *The New Republic*, *The Washington Monthly*, *Foreign Policy*, and especially the *Washington Post*, where he is now a gilded youth in residence, are reprinted without even the additional wry commentary that helped make his fellow *New Republic*an Michael Kinsley's *Curse of the Giant Muffins* a classic of the genre last year. Nevertheless, they appear with the imprimatur of a prominent New York house, while the collected articles of more conservative writers are relegated to obscure movement presses, if they appear at all. Life is indeed unfair.

The title of this collection is a play upon Gerald Ford's celebrated reference to Watergate: "Our long national nightmare." Basically, Mr. Blumenthal argues that the Reagan years have been characterized by what he describes, quoting Senator Moynihan, as a "leakage of reality in American life." He believes that Reagan was able to get away with a sort of political sleight-of-hand by drawing on various archetypes, many of them epitomized in popular culture by Hollywood movies, with which Mr. Blumenthal shows himself to be surprisingly familiar.

A little of this sort of thing goes a long way. And for many NATIONAL REVIEW readers, the paragraph above has probably gone quite far enough. But Mr. Blumenthal's book is worth reading. It serves admirably as a guide to the psychology of the media elite.

For one thing, those pop-culture archetypes really matter. Mr. Blumenthal apparently thinks in terms of them quite naturally, even when he's not ridiculing Reagan. His distinctly cool discussion of Geraldine Ferraro, for example, contains references to *The Ox-Bow Incident*, *High Noon*, *Scenes from a Marriage*, *I Am Woman*, *Sono Femine*, Tina Turner, Molly Bloom, and—with commendable honesty—*The Godfather*. Indeed, Mr. Blumenthal has been something of a pioneer in the technique of reading politics in the runes of film, television, and pop culture. And he has undoubtedly struck a chord, having acquired several imitators by now.

But there is a cost to this technique. Film and television are episodic and unstructured in comparison with prose. They advance by a string of emotional associations. They lay out no logic of argument that can be tested, criticized, and refuted: they are too fleeting for that. As a result, they encourage the political writer to think too much in terms of metaphor and symbol and too little in terms of fact and logic.

And this, it must be said, is a trap into which Mr. Blumenthal too often falls. Thus former Interior Secretary James Watt's book *The Courage of a Conservative* is described as "all weird Christology, about a father (Ronald Reagan), a son (Watt himself), and a Holy Ghost (the conservative spirit)." Whatever the value of this approach, it tells you little about the issues involved in Watt's stormy tenure—the cause, as a matter of fact, of serious differences among conservatives.

The popularity with the Left of this form of symbolic and metaphorical argument is highly significant. After all, it comes at a time when the Left is so distant in sympathy from the American people that its very designation—lib-

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eral—is a sort of political curse, and when the statist solutions of socialism are being abandoned as impractical across the globe. Arguments drawn from opinion-poll data or from the records of planned economies are in these circumstances very unappealing. They continually remind the liberal writer of the magnitude of his task. But arguments drawn from film, television, and—best of all—pop videos give hope. They are malleable, transient, plastic. If Reagan's supremacy is based upon his manipulation of such symbols, then press the "fast forward" button and move on to the next Democratic President right away. In short, it is not that Reagan displays indifference to reality but that the Left displays an actual hostility to reality (including, of course, the real political bond uniting President Reagan with the American people). The Left goes to the movies for much the same reason unemployed shopgirls did during the Depression: pure escapism.

In these circumstances, metaphors, symbols, and even mere adjectives perform the heavy-duty work formerly done by close reasoning and statistical evidence. Thus Mr. Blumenthal's introduction refers to a "regressive version of Keynesian economics," "massive military rearmament," and even an executive branch staffed—incredibly—"by more corrupt individuals than any previous Administration, including Grant's and Harding's." But his book contains no serious effort to substantiate these highly debatable claims. They are simply assumed to be part of everyone's mental furniture, just as the "scurrilousness" of Richard Nixon's campaigns against Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas is cited with no mention of lovable old Harry Truman's simultaneous insinuations that Republicans were Nazi sympathizers.

Conservatives who are professing Christians like James Watt disturb Mr. Blumenthal, but not as much as the predominantly Jewish New York neoconservatives do. Here he quite loses his practiced reporter's voice and also, it must be said, his eye. He accuses Norman Podhoretz of "acquit[ting] Solzhenitsyn of all allegations of anti-Semitism," a serious misreading of an essay in Podhoretz's *The Bloody Crossroads*. And he repeatedly compares the neo-cons to Stalinists, particularly incongruous given that their Marxist past was if anything Trotskyist.

Mr. Blumenthal's closing piece is called "The Conservative Crack-Up," an unacknowledged echo of the title of R. Emmett Tyrrell's book *The Liberal Crack-Up*. Writing in the winter of 1987, Mr. Blumenthal has a good time with the chaos into which the Reagan Administration lurched midway through its second term.

On the other hand, he warns of a well-organized "right wing" of "insatiable conservatives" now established in the capital, able to destabilize any President, Republican or Democrat, who strays from the true path. "One of Reagan's enduring legacies," he writes, "will be the conservative encampment in Washington, seeking to make good on the unfulfilled promises of his Presidency."

Let's hope that *this* metaphor at least has reality behind it. □

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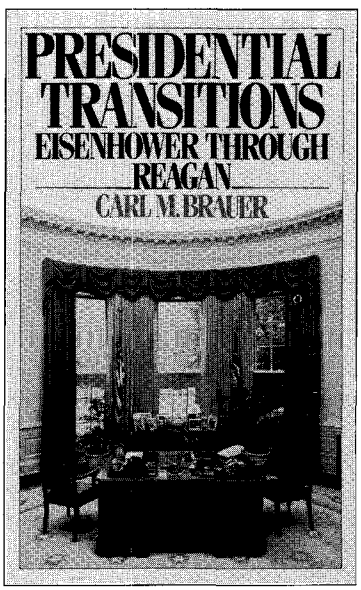

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LAST OF A BREED

John Lukacs

A Certain Climate, by Paul Horgan (Wesleyan University Press, 257 pp., $16.95)

PAUL HORGAN is a gentleman of letters: an incarnation of a now remote and almost extinct representative of Western civilization. This is not the place to define what a gentleman of letters is. There is no need

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for such a definition, either: because even the least-instructed reader will gather the meaning from his reading of this volume. My point is that Paul Horgan is a *perfect* gentleman of letters; and this is something that not only appears from the evidence of the impressive list of his writings but breathes from almost every page of this small book. *Si monumentum requiris circumspice.*

The essay is a literary vehicle particularly suited to a gentleman of letters, since it requires a knowledge and culture that are both wider and deeper than those of academic specialists—indeed, than those of most professional intellectuals. Paul Horgan is an unusually prolific writer, having produced more than a dozen novels, impressive histories, books for the young, and even poems and watercolors. Reading the essays in *A Certain Climate* is very satisfactory, for at least two reasons. Many of the essays have not been published before; and they mark, too, the mental vitality of a man who wrote many of them in the ninth decade of his life. Paul Horgan is in his 86th year now.

Four of these essays deal with history and history-writing; five of them are ruminations about certain writers and artists; the last three return to the theme of books, of writing, and of the place of books in a civilization. I know of few collections of essays in which the tone is as stable and strong as in this one; and I know very, very few in which the essays belong together as these do in this book, almost as if the book had had an original structure *before* its author began to create its components. At the low end of collections of essays we find the rag-bag book, a collection of leftovers and throwaways. At the high end of the scale stand books such as this one: small architectural marvels, veritable small temples of learning.

There are three essential themes that bind this book together. One is its author's attachment to history. Paul Horgan is a cultural historian, which means that he is drawn not only to the records of the past but to the pursuit of the knowledge of how people lived, behaved, thought, and presumably even felt in certain places and certain times. He also tells us that history must be narrative; and that there is not only instruction but pleasure and inspiration inherent in the

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More November Titles: In *Stalin and the Kirov Murder* (Oxford, $16.95), Robert Conquest investigates the facts behind the charge that Stalin arranged to have murdered one Sergei Kirov, a Bolshevik hardliner whom the General Secretary feared. Conquest—after much interesting research based on Roy Medvedev's work, in *samizdat* accounts and among documents produced by defectors—finds Stalin's role in Kirov's death to be "almost undeniable," and goes on to show how Stalin used the incident as the pretext to unleash his campaign of terror against both the Party and the people of the USSR.

Many Mansions: A Christian's Encounter with Other Faiths (Beacon, $18.95), by Harvey Cox, is an account of the author's travels among Muslims, Buddhists, Hindus, and Jews, and of the ways in which people of non-Christian faiths perceive the Founder of Christianity.

Turgenev (Dutton, $18.95), by Henri Troyat and translated by Nancy Amphoux, is a fascinating portrait of the great Russian literary artist who lived, at most levels of his life, as a divided and self-contradictory man: a Slavophile with a penchant for the liberalizing West, a despiser of Czarism who was also no friend to revolutionaries, a profoundly Russian personality who preferred to live abroad.

☐ Left Over from October: In *Perilous Statecraft: An Insider's Account of the Iran-Contra Affair* (Scribner's, $19.95), Michael A. Ledeen claims to have been slandered by witnesses and committee members during the congressional Iran-Contra hearings, defends himself against charges that as Robert McFarlane's envoy he served as an agent of Israel, and describes what he calls Oliver North's campaign to discredit him.

☐ Coming in January: *Danger and Survival: Choices about the Bomb in the First Fifty Years* (Random House, $24.95), by McGeorge Bundy, is a political history of the age of atomic weaponry, from the Manhattan Project to what the author—former Special Assistant for National Security to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson—considers the unrealistic Strategic Defense Initiative. Bundy's optimistic theme is that, since the Cuban missile crisis, the nuclear powers have learned to respect the threat of nuclear war, as "the tradition of non-use grows stronger"; in his opinion, the danger of nuclear conflagration has grown smaller with the passage of each decade. —CW

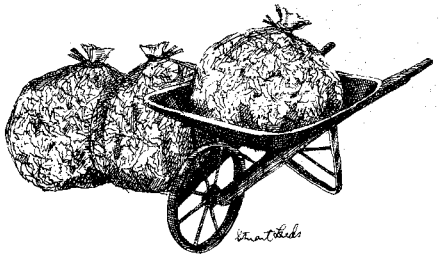
reconstruction of history in honest and imaginative prose. I write "imaginative" because Paul Horgan, at his best, writes about the past in ways that are not only narrative but speculative. In one of his truly extraordinary essays, "Yankee Doodle: Early Models of American Style," he tries, and often succeeds, in reconstructing the very *sensitivities* of an early American civilization—something of which our present professional historians (including "social historians") are hardly capable because they do not think that way. Consider, for example, this passage, which—as in the case of a Tocqueville—may be as apposite to our present as it is to a certain past:

> Is America now really without a past? But the art and meaning of human life anywhere are always illimitably potential for the artist who remains indifferent to any vision not his own. *Was the American creative consciousness too strangled by the national popular speech, which confused democracy with the sort of illiteracy assumed for fear of giving offense through noticeably educated idiom?*

The italics are mine.

Here we meet the second of Paul Horgan's essential themes—or, rather, concerns. This is his deep love for language. It is not only that he is a master of language—and, moreover, a rare combination of a master: modest and elegant at the same time. His main concern has grown from his recognition that language is not merely a skill, or a means of communication; that, for instance, speech (contrary to Freud, or perhaps even Joyce) is not merely the result of thought but the completion of it; that any kind of worthwhile prose (as indeed the finest of histories) must be a reflection of life, as true as the writer can make it; and that history consists not of "facts" but of words—words that are often sacred things, because language is God's gift to us.

Paul Horgan is an old-fashioned writer and thinker. This is a plus, not a minus, nowadays: because the old-fashioned quality of his vision and of his preferences is inextricably bound to the third great quality of his talent, which is his deep respect for the traditions of a civilization and for its manners. That explains, for example, the warmth of his admiration for writers such as Maurice Baring and Willa Cather. Yet that quality shines through nearly every page of this book, even when he drops a hint of his admiration for "cold" artists (e.g., Andrew Wyeth), which this reviewer does not share. Never mind. Paul Horgan's vision is a triumph of discernment. He is a monument to the capabilities of American civilization. For this he deserves even more than our respect; he deserves our gratitude. ☐



LIVES AND COUNTERLIVES

George Garrett

The Facts: A Novelist's Autobiography, by Philip Roth (Farrar, Straus, 195 pp., $17.95)

We are now in midseason of the post-modern autobiography game; and so it is no wonder that Philip Roth—who has always been well aware of (if often indifferent to) the cut and jib of literary fashion, and who has, ever since *Goodbye, Columbus* anyway, mostly been writing close enough to the facts of his life to confuse friends and strangers alike—should feel the need to come forward and offer a personal, factual accounting of himself; one that, within reasonable limits, tells us a good deal about the truths of his real life as related to, and yet distinct from, the truths of his personal fictions. This is a process that has been consciously under way at least since 1975, when he produced *Reading Myself and Others*, a collection of interviews of Roth and essays by him that was described by the publisher as "chapters in the autobiography of a writer." And the character Nathan Zuckerman, a fictive yet Roth-like writer, has been around since the late Seventies, most recently in the complex metafiction *The Counterlife* (1987).

The Zuckerman of that novel furnishes the epigraph for this one. The autobiography opens with a letter from Roth to Zuckerman from which we

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learn (if we don't mind reading somebody else's mail) that this text was composed rather quickly, beginning after the spring of 1987, when "what was to have been minor surgery turned into a prolonged physical ordeal that led to an extreme depression that carried me right to the edge of emotional and mental dissolution." The letter is at once an explanation, an apology, and a request for critical reaction and guidance from Zuckerman. The book that follows is for Roth a general meditation on the subject of "where I had started out from and how it had all begun."

Essentially chronological, although with the full freedom in time and space of a deftly executed first-person narration, the story begins with his childhood in Newark in the Thirties and moves onward to the auspicious beginning of his professional career with *Goodbye, Columbus* (1959), up to and including the astonishing breakthrough of *Portnoy's Complaint* (1969) —"a book," he tells us, "imprinted with a style and a subject that were, at last, distinctively my own." The truth is, he goes well beyond the time of *Portnoy's Complaint* whenever it is relevant to do so—as, for example, in his treatment of *My Life as a Man* (1974), which proved to be a supplementary "breakthrough" for Roth, as he was able, through the fictional Lucy Nelson, to deal with the real, if fantastical and troubled, character of his wife, Josephine Jensen. But essentially the story of *The Facts* is complete with the rousing success and scandal of *Portnoy*.

Following the letter to Zuckerman we have a "Prologue," chiefly devoted to honoring his living father and the memory of his mother. Next comes the core of the text, in five sequential chapters: "Safe at Home," treating his childhood and adolescence in Newark in the Thirties and Forties; "Joe College," recapitulating days at Bucknell during the early Fifties, with Roth moving and shaking among "the unrebellious sons and daughters of status-quo America at the dawn of the Eisenhower era, where, helped by some memorably good teachers, I acted, edited, wrote, stirred up a couple of controversies, and managed to get laid"; "Girl of My Dreams," recalling his time first as a grad student, then as an instructor at the University of Chicago, where he found himself "for-

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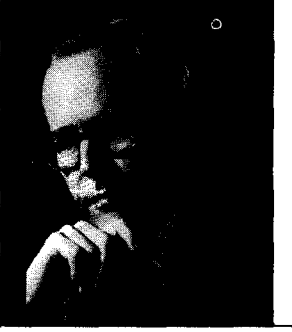

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tified, intact, and hungry for literary distinction," and where he met and was hooked by his wife, the divorced mother of two and a few years his senior, whom he took to be both an ambassador from "the menacing realms of benighted American life that so far I had only read of in the novels of Sherwood Anderson and Theodore Dreiser," and "the legendary old-country shiksa-witch," whose accidental death some years later would cause him to whistle in the taxi taking him to the funeral home; "All in the Family," dealing with the troubles he had over the presumed self-hatred and anti-Semitism of some stories in *Goodbye, Columbus*; and finally "Now Vee May Perhaps to Begin," picturing Roth in the Sixties, having an affair with an attractive gentile, becoming mildly involved in the turmoil of the times, getting free from the haunting of his wife, having a close encounter with death from a ruptured appendix, and managing to pull himself and a lot of things together in *Portnoy*. The final chapter of *The Facts* is a letter from Zuckerman to Roth, urging him not to publish this book, pointing out some flaws and problems, and changing everything slightly (again), turning the facts into fiction.

Those who follow Roth will learn some new and different things about him and the intricate relationship of his "real life" to his art. Because it is (except for a number of affairs with interesting women) a fairly calm and unadventurous life, its greatest strength is Roth's assertive honesty, supplemented by his sharp wit and edgy irony. That very honesty may hurt him with readers who are not sympathetic to his other work. For the character who emerges in these pages has self-centered habits of arrogance and is often ungenerous and overly judgmental.

Philip Roth is subtle and precise in his fine-tuned discussion of the story of Jews in contemporary America. He is less interesting and exact in his comments on mainstream American society, and his political and social judgments of the times he has lived through often seem more like television punditry than earned wisdom. But, all in all, *The Facts* is an honorable and worthy book, certainly an interesting and valuable one to anyone who has been actively engaged in the appreciation of the shadow and substance of the art of Philip Roth. □

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LOOKING BACK

THE CHANDLER CENTURY

J. O. Tate

AWHILE AGO the *New York Times* published an editorial about the emotional effect of those hot winds called variously chinooks, siroccos, Santa Anas, etc. Research at NYU had suggested that positive ions in the atmosphere could trigger dangerous mood swings in some people. But the editorial concluded that literature had beaten science to the diagnosis—and quoted the first paragraph of Raymond Chandler's 1938 story, "Red Wind." Actually, the *Times* left out Chandler's last, pivotal sentence, the glory of which I hasten to restore:

> There was a desert wind blowing that night. It was one of those hot, dry Santa Anas that come down through the mountain passes and curl your hair and make your nerves jump and your skin itch. On nights like that every booze party ends in a fight. Meek little wives feel the edge of the carving knife and study their husbands' necks. Anything can happen. You can even get a full glass of beer at a cocktail lounge.

Seeing writing of such color and tone reprinted in that dreary context was a memorable shock; but I had seen it before, even more memorably, when my father put that same first paragraph of "Red Wind" in front of me more than thirty years ago. He wanted to know, if that wasn't great stuff, what was?

He had me there. He still does, and so does Raymond Chandler. Of course, Chandler has exercised his fascination all over the world, and not only through his stories and novels. His private eye, Philip Marlowe, has over the years diffused his identity through the popular media of film, radio, television, and countless imitations and clones that continue to replicate themselves today. All the more reason to go back to the original, which has just recently been made newly accessible.

The Vintage Crime series has begun by republishing almost all of Chandler's stories in two volumes (*Trouble Is My Business* and *The Simple Art of Murder*), as well as the seven novels, as trade paperbacks. Vintage has made a point of observing the centenary of Chandler's birth—you know, like T. S. Eliot's. But deep down, Chandler had more in common with Eliot than the year of his birth.

He has even more in common with Eliot than the juxtaposition implied by academic recognition. Today "Red Wind" can be found in the Macmillan *Anthology of American Literature*, edited by McMichael, et al., between works by Eudora Welty and Richard Wright, just after works by Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Faulkner, and Katherine Anne Porter. "Red Wind" has come a long way from *Dime Detective Magazine*, where it first appeared; and Raymond Chandler has come a long way from the pulp magazines wherein he began his American writing career with "Blackmailers Don't Shoot"—in *Black Mask*, 1933. He was regarded as "crazy" because he tried to justify the right-hand margins while typing the story. He was paid a penny a word.

The lurid melodramas of the pulps were made—first by Dashiell Hammett, and then by Chandler—to release a kind of poetry. Literature has always found energy in popular sources; fiction in particular has often regenerated itself by reprocessing the vulgar and the violent: witness *Moll Flanders*, or various works of Poe. Raymond Chandler, cast adrift during the Depression after being fired from his job as an oil executive, thought again of his youthful literary aspirations. He thought he could do something with the ready-made elements of tough guys and shady broads, the world of gats and heaters, mugs and molls, cops and crooks.

Chandler hardly seemed the man for the job. He had never been a Pinkerton agent, like Hammett; nor was he a

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plot-spinning word processor like Erle Stanley Gardner. In some ways, Chandler's background was as removed from the world he made his own as Joseph Conrad's was from that desiccated aquarium, London, in *The Secret Agent*; or as Vladimir Nabokov's was from the *poshlosty* motels of *Lolita*.

Born on July 23, 1888, in Chicago, Raymond Thornton Chandler came from a broken home; he despised his father's alcoholism and later would repeat it. Soon removed overseas, he remembered Illinois while a boy in Ireland and England. He was a poor relation there, made to feel with his mother that he was living on sufferance; and he was an "American," just as later in America he was somehow an English gentleman, even when writing about ice-pick murders, pornographers, drugs, and the Mob.

Chandler attended Dulwich College (a public school also known to P. G. Wodehouse), where his education seems today a source of curricular embarrassment. In addition to his studies in English, French, German, and so on, Chandler read Caesar, Livy, Ovid, and Vergil in Latin; and Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle, and St. Mark in Greek. Through his reading at Dulwich, Chandler was imbued with a sensitivity to rhetoric and diction that would pay improbable dividends later on. And Chandler's strong sense of rectitude and integrity—as well as Philip Marlowe's own chivalric attitudes—owe something to the years at Dulwich.

The young Chandler resigned the civil-service job he had won in the Admiralty—a reckless and romantic gesture. He wanted to be a writer and was soon on his way to becoming one. He "holed up in Bloomsbury" and began producing weak essays and worse poetry. What remains identifiable of the early works of Chandler was edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli in *Chandler before Marlowe: Raymond Chandler's Early Prose and Poetry, 1908-1912* (1973). Reading that material today reinforces our sense of Chandler's world-denying romanticism, and suggests also that Chandler's return to America, however painful, was his necessary destiny. But he would always be haunted by that other life he didn't live in England, as a genteel bookman and a man of letters.

Chandler eventually wound up in California, where through chance acquaintances he found an entrée to his jobs in the oil industry; and where also he fell in love with Cissy Pascal, who would get a divorce to marry him—without telling him she was 18 years his senior. But before his marriage and career developed, Chandler went through a transforming experience that affected his consciousness more radically than any Edwardian experience did: he served in the Canadian Corps in combat in 1918. Chandler's membership in that war generation meant a lot later when he read Hemingway and Fitzgerald and Faulkner. Oddly enough, Chandler was older as a man but younger as a writer than those three, of whom he was well aware.

Years later, Chandler put his hand to writing for the pulps with humility but also with a sense of pride and ambition. His years in California and his outsider's eye allowed him virtually to invent Los Angeles as a literary

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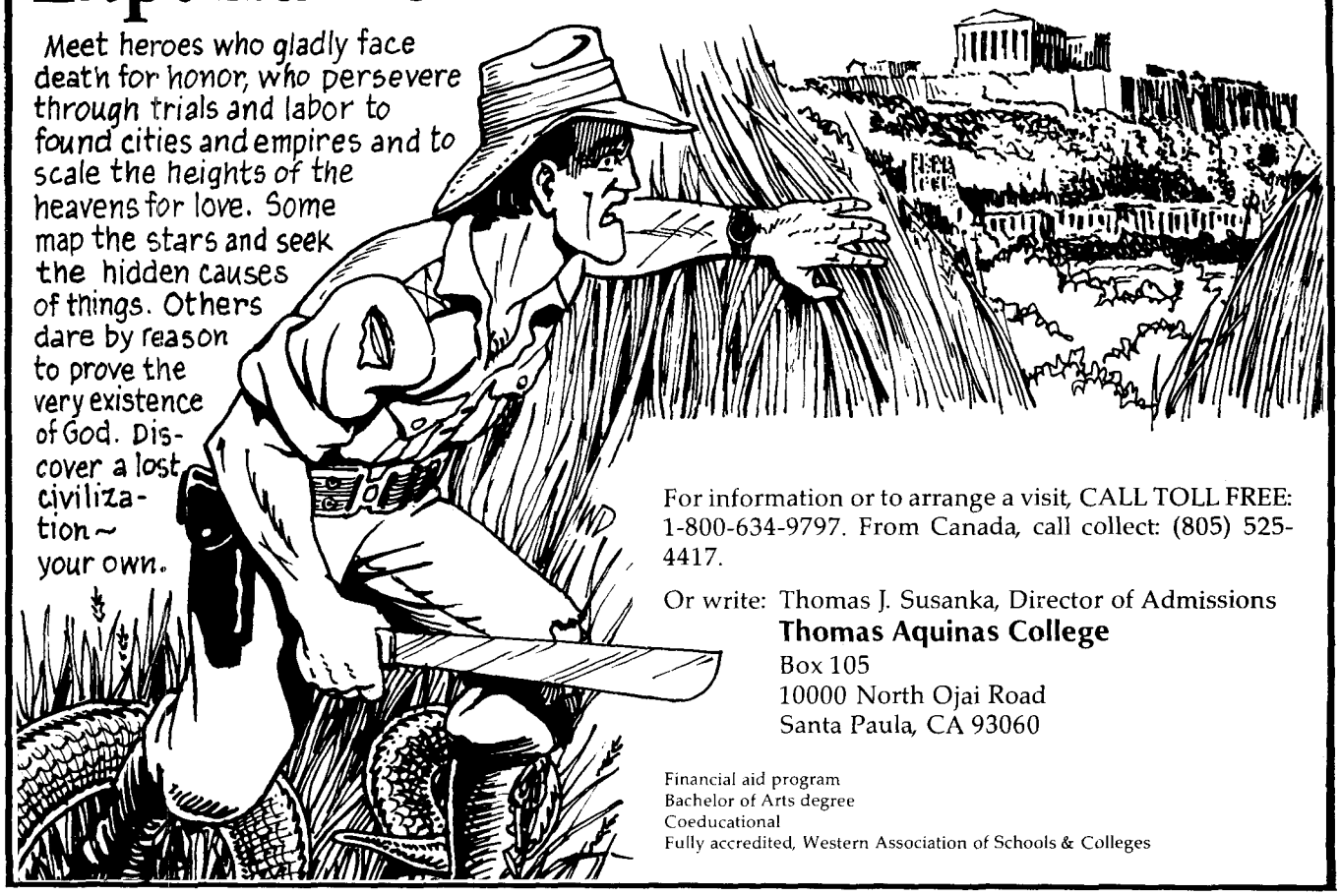
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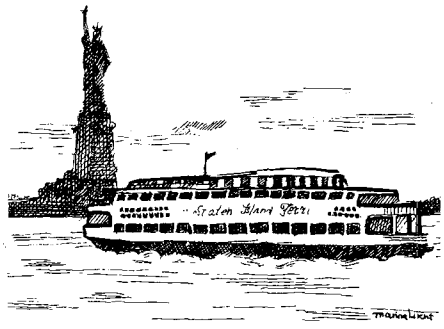
entity. His strong sense of language allowed him to write "American" in a way that charmed all levels of readers. And his sense of craft, his dormant artistic ambitions, were awakened into a sublimated, unanticipated form: the novels that made him famous.

"Red Wind" was a fully developed miniature of the Marlovian narratives to come. In 1939 appeared the first of the seven novels reprinted by Vintage: *The Big Sleep*—the meanest Marlowe, with his only killing. Some choose that one, others *Farewell, My Lovely* (1940), as the best Marlowe. Still others think that Chandler surpassed himself with *The Long Goodbye* (1954), because he took his detective all the way over into the realm of the novel of manners in that production, the longest and most thoughtful, and the saddest of them all.

I suppose that *The High Window* (1942) and the last bow, *Playback* (1958), are generally thought to be the weakest of Chandler's books. *The Lady in the Lake* (1943) and *The Little Sister* (1949) definitely have their partisans. Chandlerians wouldn't be without any of them, because the novels depend on voice and atmosphere far more than they do on action or plot. And Chandler knew that, too. He put it this way, in a letter of May 7, 1948:

> A long time ago when I was writing for the pulps I put into a story a line like "he got out of the car and walked across the sun-drenched sidewalk until the shadow of the awning over the entrance fell across his face like the touch of cool water." They took it out when they published the story. Their readers didn't appreciate this sort of thing: just held up the action. And I set out to prove them wrong. My theory was they just *thought* they cared nothing about anything but the action; that really, although they didn't know it, they cared very little about the action. The things they really cared about, and that I cared about, were the creation of emotion through dialogue and description; the things they remembered, that haunted them, were not for example that a man got killed, but that in the moment of his death he was trying to pick a paper clip up off the polished surface of a desk, and it kept slipping away from him, so that there was a look of strain on his face and his mouth was half open in a kind of tormented grin, and the last thing in the world he thought about was death.



Chandler meant much the same thing when he wrote, "I guess maybe there are two kinds of writers; writers who write stories and writers who write writing." There's no question what kind of writer he was. He often used the word "magic" about his own writing, and often enough produced it.

That magic—a voice, a presence, a personality compounded of disparate elements—can also be found in *Selected Letters of Raymond Chandler*, edited by Frank MacShane (1981). And I should say here also that MacShane's exemplary *Life of Raymond Chandler* (1976) gives as complete a sense of a man's life as we can hope to find in a book. If Chandler's experience and background formed his sometimes reactionary judgments and prejudices, his knowledge of mass society, war, and radical change was sharpened by his memory of the England before the First World War. His stubborn individualism became the basis of Marlowe's code of honor.

But the *Letters* and the *Life* still bring us back to the droll insubordination of Philip Marlowe. That detective's attempts to do the right thing reflect his creator's struggle for self-respect, his own sense of integrity. And Marlowe's contemptuous wit shows Chandler's own understanding. But after his wife died, Chandler admitted, "All us tough guys are hopeless sentimentalists at last." In a tough world, Chandler and his knightly, free-lancing urban cowboy of a hero had tried to stand the strain. If it started to show well before the end of 1959, that was because there was such sensitivity beneath the hard outer shell.

Chandler's fusion of old-fashioned values with new-fangled attitudes gave a dialectic and a depth to his vision. If Marlowe's grousing seems nostalgic or quaint to us today, is that a judgment on him—or on us?

> "Now we get characters like this Steelgrave owning restaurants. We get guys like that fat boy that bawled me out back there. We've got the big money, the sharp shooters, the percentage workers, the fast-dollar boys, the hoodlums out of New York and Chicago and Detroit—and Cleveland. We've got the flash restaurants and nightclubs they run, and the hotels and apartment houses they own, and the grifters and con men and female bandits that live in them. The luxury trades, the pansy decorators, the lesbian dress designers, the riffraff of a big hard-boiled city with no more personality than a paper cup. Out in the fancy suburbs dear old Dad is reading the sports page in front of a picture window, with his shoes off, thinking he is high class because he has a three-car garage. Mom is in front of her princess dresser trying to paint the suitcases out from under her eyes. And Junior is clamped onto the telephone calling up a succession of high-school girls that talk pidgin English and carry contraceptives in their makeup kit." [Marlowe to Dolores Gonzales, *The Little Sister*.]

Raymond Chandler's career in Hollywood, his influence on that style of film we call *noir*, his continued impact today—these and other considerations still rest on the capable shoulders of Marlowe, who (also in *The Little Sister*) summed up in one wisecrack the double vision of his creator's sensibility, in a style that had Hemingway's paratactic toughness and Fitzgerald's romantic glow, a sense of America as a Heart of Darkness, a Waste Land:

> "Never the time and place and the loved one all together," I said.
>
> "What's that?" She tried to throw me out with the point of her chin, but even she wasn't that good.
>
> "Browning. The poet, not the automatic. I feel sure you'd prefer the automatic."

Chandler's distinction was to give us the poet *and* the automatic. □

DELECTATIONS

DU COTE DE CHEZ HAZELTON

Nika Hazelton

"GUESTS, HOWEVER inconvenient, must be honored," my mother (God rest her soul) used to say whenever we had company, which was very

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often; and I, as an obedient daughter, have always followed her example in dealing with guests. It is essential to make guests as comfortable as one can; else, why invite them at all?

My favorite way of entertaining more than two or three guests is to invite them to my home for a party where they can drink all they want, and eat or not eat as they like. Proper dinner parties, where six or eight people sit down at a properly laid table and make (usually rather dull) conversation, are sometimes necessary, but I do not like them, principally because I do not have enough help to hand around the food to my guests. It takes one person to serve three people food that is as hot or as cold as it should be, and having guests get up to help is a truly loathsome practice.

Since I like entertaining large groups of people (meaning more than 12), my way is to have them come around 6:30, with food served, buffet style, around eight. Of course, I offer plenty to drink before and after the food is served. Buffet parties have the advantage that people do not feel that they have to stay to eat—they can leave as early as they want to. I plan my buffet parties for Sunday night, because I have found that in the fall and winter people like to go out after a long, lazy day at home to see somebody other than their families. Generally I invite guests about two weeks ahead. I do the inviting over the telephone, because I think written invitations too formal, and also because I like to know well in advance how many guests to expect.

I keep a neat house, so that I do not have to do any straightening up on The Day. If your house is neat, there is no need for a thorough cleaning; guests usually notice only whether or not the premises are tidy.

I do not believe guests should have to lift a finger in my house, which means I must have enough help to serve both food and drink, change plates, and so forth. Even if you are having a buffet party, you should have somebody dish out the food you have prepared so carefully, to avoid sloppily filled plates and, even worse, sloppy serving dishes. As for drinks, which are so necessary to the success of any American party, they must be plentiful, and if you are serving mixed drinks, you must offer sufficient variety. Unless your husband or companion wishes to sacrifice himself by spending his evening filling empty glasses, it is best to hire a professional bartender to pour the booze. You know what happens when people who have had one too many refill their own glasses.

I have also found that it works fine to offer one kind of drink only. Depending on your guests and your finances, you may consider champagne or wine. Champagne is festive, but wine is cheaper; the choice is up to the host. And although this alternative is much simpler than running a full bar, a professional bartender is still very useful.

What kind of food do I serve at buffet parties? That depends entirely on the number of guests I'm expecting. For fewer than 15 people I go to my trusty notebook, where I have listed my successful party casseroles of meat and vegetables. For more than 15 people, I make chili or a Brazilian all-purpose bean, rice, and meat dish, called *fejioada*, or something along the lines of corned-beef hash. The main thing is *not* to spend your time cooking, except for heating up what needs to be hot. Food and drink should match. Spicy food like chili requires a lively non-sweet drink, like beer. But since I hate the taste of beer, I have served a dry champagne with my chili.

Champagne for a festive touch; chili for my convenience—what better way of living up to my mother's dictum that "guests, however inconvenient, must be honored"? □

THE GIMLET EYE

THE DREAMS OF FICTION

D. Keith Mano

"Psychologist Patricia Garfield believes that if a person is consciously working on a problem, 'It is very likely that his or her unconscious will continue working in the dream state, drawing on all inner resources to put together new combinations and present them.'" (Landscapes of the Night, by Christopher Evans)

THE LATE Christopher Evans had a provocative thesis about dreaming. It was, he thought, some sort of obliga-

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tory homework. Even a secure, well-fed house cat practices fundamental mouse-catching techniques each night in REM (Rapid Eye Movement) sleep. Your brain is a computer, more or less. When "off-line" in sleep, the machine will review old software (Basic Human, one might call it), shunting obsolete material aside and adding data gathered that day. What you "see" is perhaps a random, perhaps a particularly worrisome, portion of this regular review. When anxious we sleep longer because difficult information must be dream-assimilated and understood for the mind to achieve fundamental equilibrium.

Analogies between dream work and fiction-writing are obvious enough and often made. Both, after all, resort to metaphor or symbol; both are highly colored. I would go further and submit that they are, in fact, the same process: one unconscious and spontaneous, the other conscious but dependent, nonetheless, on dream mechanics. Dreaming, indeed, may have provided primitive man with license to treat a material universe imaginatively. Take away the precedent of dream and human perception might have been frozen in literalism. The dream taught men that there was a parallel universe

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IF THERE WERE any question that "ethnicity" and "ethnic" politics in America have become a case of the tail wagging the dog, it was dispelled by events surrounding the centennial celebration of the Statue of Liberty in 1986; an occasion distinguished by a combination of mass sentimentality and political cynicism and opportunism. This "Party of the Century," as *Time* magazine called it, was widely exploited by special-interest groups and interested politicians in general to promote the concept of the United States as not just a "melting pot" but a "mirror of the world," and to discredit any ideal to the contrary as un-American. In *The Myth of Open Borders: The American Tradition of Immigration Control* (The American Immigration Control Foundation, Water Street, P.O. Box 525, Monterey, Va. 24465; $3), Wayne Lutton insists that "Amidst the references to what was called our 'traditional policy' of providing an asylum and haven of refuge for the poor and oppressed of every land, all sight was lost of what, in fact, is the American 'tradition' regarding immigration. Far from being a thing of the past or, alternatively, a recent development, American opposition to immigration dates back to early Colonial days." In a succinctly written summary of 47 pages, Mr. Lutton condenses the development of the anti-immigrationist argument over two centuries.

From the earliest days of colonial settlement, Lutton shows, "efforts were made to encourage the settlement only of those who were most likely to make a positive contribution to society." For the English Colonies, a major problem in respect of immigration was the mother country's tendency to regard America as a dumping ground for what an Act of Parliament in 1663 described as "rogues, vagrants, and sturdy beggars," whom the Act empowered English justices of the peace to ship across the Atlantic Ocean. Massachusetts, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, for example, passed laws in the Colonial period expelling foreign paupers, fining shipmasters who imported indigents and criminals, and laying duties on disembarked immigrants, whether or not they were either criminal *or* destitute. Over a period of nearly two hundred years, such stopgap policies seem to have produced at least something of the desired result: E. E. Proper, in his *Colonial Immigration Laws*, attributed the religious and political unity of the Colonies in 1776 partly to the restrictions enacted by the Colonial government prior to the Revolution.

During and after the War of Independence, many of the Colonies continued to pass similar laws pertaining to immigration, while the Continental Congress established a policy of employing only native-born citizens in the foreign service of the country. General Washington ordered: "No man shall be appointed a sentry who is not a *native* of this country." The Constitutional Convention agreed that the President and Vice President of the United States must be natural-born citizens; the Founding Fathers, in point of fact, were outspokenly opposed to further immigration to the new nation, as letters and published writings from Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, and Hamilton attest.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the United States was the object of numerous Mariel-style boatlifts dispatched by European governments; these were greeted, not with the "open arms" with which the Carter Administration received the inmates of Fidel Castro's prisons, but by batteries of state laws against them. By mid century, the Native American Association was going strong, and the American Party was about to be formed; anti-immigrationist arguments were now turning less on the question of criminality and financial burdensomeness and more on questions of cultural incompatibility ("[Immigrants] bring with them a host of extravagant notions of freedom, or a plenty of crude, undigested theories which are utterly irreconcilable with obedience to laws of our own making and from a constitution of our own adopting. They come with their heads full of a division of property . . ."—*The United States Magazine and Democratic Review*, 1850), as well of the extent to which foreigners were taking jobs from native-born Americans.

From the late 1800s to the present, the story of immigration control is well known. As the source of immigration shifted from Northern Europe to Southern and Eastern Europe, racial and cultural concerns increased to the point where policy regarding it was made a federal concern; the culmination of restrictionist feeling arrived with the Immigration Act of 1924. It is worth pointing out, however, that our current troubles stem largely from the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, which irresponsibly amended restrictionist policies. Theodore H. White —no enemy of Lyndon Johnson and most of his works—has this to say of the 1965 Immigration Act, in his book *America in Search of Itself* (1982): "probably the most thoughtless of the many acts of the Great Society . . . could become a catastrophe—the tide of immigration, legal and illegal, pouring into this country." □

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—quite convincing in itself—that, for artistic or magical purpose, could give at least nominal control over reality.

Experimental work has been done with so-called "lucid dreamers." In REM sleep these people are still "conscious" enough to influence, even dictate, dream subject matter and texture. While sleeping they also provide data (by eye blink or hand buzzer) that technicians can interpret. I reckon the fiction-writer is some kind of lucid dreamer. He can routinely call up a hypnagogic trance state that will allow him to draw on those wider associative resources that exist in his unconscious mind—whether he is aware of this process or not. Usually some device or habit pattern—rather like post-hypnotic suggestion—releases the unconscious. With me it is the pencil itself. I begin to write nonsense, "Well, now, what do you think of this—," my eyeballs (I am told) roll up, and an unconscious faculty takes over. For another writer, music or his cigarette might serve. Occasional practitioners find writing elusive and difficult because they suppose that it has only a rational, "conscious" inner motion.

Here let me distinguish between what I would term the general and the particular creative unconscious. Plot and dialogue, which require linear connection and overall structure, are amenable to a broad reach of mind—corresponding with that hypnagogic trance described above. On the level of phrase or individual image, somewhat different faculties apply. These I associate with play (though unconscious creation, in every aspect, is playful). I have, for example, a magic island ruled by random dice throw. I write a one-paragraph draft. In it certain metaphorical problems have been set—"his nose was shaped like"—which are not solvable, except in the dullest, most ordinary sense, by conscious thought. I then play for half a minute or so in my imaginary world. During that time, during this thirty-second play-dream, the unconscious is released. More often than not, when I return to my desk, progress has been made. I use myself as an instance here because—being master of the obvious—I have regularized this mechanism rather more than most. But all writers play. The creative unconscious is a clown. No event or item can be absolutely eliminated from its field of reference. Everything, as Baudelaire thought, is a metaphor for everything else, through one attribute or another. Why are elephants like the Metropolitan Opera? I have no idea, but you can be sure there is some relationship. Storytelling, at every level, assumes joke form. Laughter is the response to an unexpected metaphorical juxtaposition. We prize a "sense of humor" not just for whatever bonhomie it may confer, but because it implies a strong associative capacity—and, therefore, the highest creative potential.

At age seventy or so Stephen Powelson has memorized 90 per cent of Homer's *Iliad*. Writing on his phenomenal (if Quixotic) achievement in *Harvard Magazine*, Ruth Mehrtens Galvin gave this as a Powelson mnemonic rule: "*Paying attention is key*. Whatever interferes with attention interferes with remembering." My own memory is like a steel mosquito net. I think I have that disease, what do you call it? I also think my inadhesive memory was formed, in some degree, by long practice as a fiction writer—because the key to creative imagining is controlled *inattention*. Words are read for resonance and implication, for the dream they may start up, not just for their strict rational sense. Literature

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is part of a total environment. There are around 2,500 books in my office. I can recall little about any of them. But, almost without exception, I can remember just *where* I read each one. A passage that Powelson might memorize will be for me just one term in some metaphor suggested perhaps by my physical location. I read Homer on the back staircase of Schermerhorn Hall at Columbia. And Diomedes, he with his great war cry, is still there —not on a plain before Troy.

In dreams no image or correspondence will be disqualified finally from the associative process. *Openness* is all. I am, as many who write are, a chronic insomniac. For most people sleep signifies rest. For a writer, sleep (and dreaming) is exactly analogous to the creative process: it may *be* the creative process. All figures, all occurrences are potentially a first link in some metaphorical chain that might go on and on—maybe even as far as madness. Writers, I suspect, often fear sleep because they are never quite certain they will be able to return from it. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Like Lions They Fought: The Zulu War and the Last Black Empire in South Africa, by Robert B. Edgerton (Free Press, 244 pp., $22.95)

ONE PURPOSE of Robert Edgerton's *Like Lions They Fought* is to bring greater attention to the Zulu side of the Anglo-Zulu War of 1879. But that should not deter the reader from picking up this stirring, swiftly narrated account of men at war, for with the exception of a tendentious chapter on "Colonial Wars in Africa," Edgerton provides a largely accurate and fair account of the war and its warriors. For instance, in a footnote to the text he remarks that "Maori" Hamilton-Browne "has been criticized by [Donald] Morris (1965) for his racist attitudes and his brutality to Zulus, among other things. The charges are true, and he was also an anti-Semite. It should be noted, however, that many British officers shared his attitudes and behaved brutally. Hamilton-Browne was also a brave and competent officer." Nowhere does Edgerton stint the colorful episodes and characters that inevitably pepper ac-

counts of British colonial wars, to the credit of the British—stories of incredible imperturbability under fire, of sporting happy warriors in the officer corps, and of the tough men in the ranks who, when it came to hand-to-hand combat, bayonet against *assegai*, could hold their own against the Zulus. (Indeed, at the battle of Ulundi, the men of the 13th Regiment stopped firing and waved for the Zulus to fight them in just that fashion, as they had fought before at Kambula.) The title *Like Lions They Fought* refers to the combatants' estimates of each other: the Britons' view of the "plucky" Zulus, and the Zulus' regard for the "red soldiers" of Queen Victoria. Both sides in the Anglo-Zulu War knew in their bones what Winston Churchill—a veteran of Cuba, India, the Sudan, South Africa, and the trenches of the Great War—enunciated: War is the normal occupation of men—war, that is, and gardening. H. W. CROCKER III

The Goddess and the American Girl: The Story of Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills, by Larry Engleman (Oxford University Press, 464 pp., $21.95)

THIS JEWEL of a book deals with the remarkable careers of two of the greatest players ever in women's tennis. Suzanne Lenglen burst onto the scene in 1914 at the age of 14 and rapidly became the dominant woman in the game. Helen Wills of Berkeley and San Francisco, who was six years younger, finally caught up with Miss Lenglen on the Riviera in 1926. Mr. Engleman gives vivid portraits of the two stars, Miss Lenglen flamboyant and temperamental, Miss Wills the clean-cut, modest, classically beautiful American girl. He also revels in the surrounding atmosphere: those pink Riviera clay courts, the sun-drenched façades, the blue of the sea and the cloudless skies, the dukes and duchesses, movie stars, and international athletes. Miss Lenglen managed to beat Miss Wills that summer in the only match the two ever played together, but Miss Lenglen was already on the way down, sinking into neurosis and ill health toward an early death. Helen Wills, with her white visor and powerful strokes, went on to win eight of nine Wimbledon singles titles, losing only in her first appearance in 1924. Between 1927 and 1933 Miss Wills did not lose a set in singles competition, and she won 180 consecutive matches. Before reading this book, I would have guessed that Alice Marble was the greatest woman tennis player. During 1946 and 1947, I happened to play many of the best women players on the grass at the West Side Tennis Club, where Miss Marble was in a category all by herself. But, then, I had never even seen Helen Wills play. She had a reputation for emotional coldness ("Little Miss Poker-Face," though she was a tall woman); on the evidence of this book, her "coldness" was a combination of total concentration and little patience with trivia. She wanted to get on and get off, and, at her peak, the interest lay in timing her matches, the score being a foregone conclusion. She was interviewed extensively for this book, and her comments are perceptive and often memorable. JEFFREY HART

Reaganomics: An Insider's Account of the Policies and the People, by William A. Niskanen (Oxford, 363 pp., $22.95)

RONALD REAGAN'S GOAL was more than just limiting taxes. He wanted to halt the expansion of government spending and its control over the economy, and to boost economic growth. Unfortunately, thanks to the prolific work of myopic journalists boosting "supply-side economics," Reaganomics has been trivialized. The value of Niskanen's book is that it restores breadth and depth to the President's program. He evaluates the Reagan record against two criteria: the record of the Carter years and Reagan's own goals on taking office. The first standard is an easy

(Continues on page 62)

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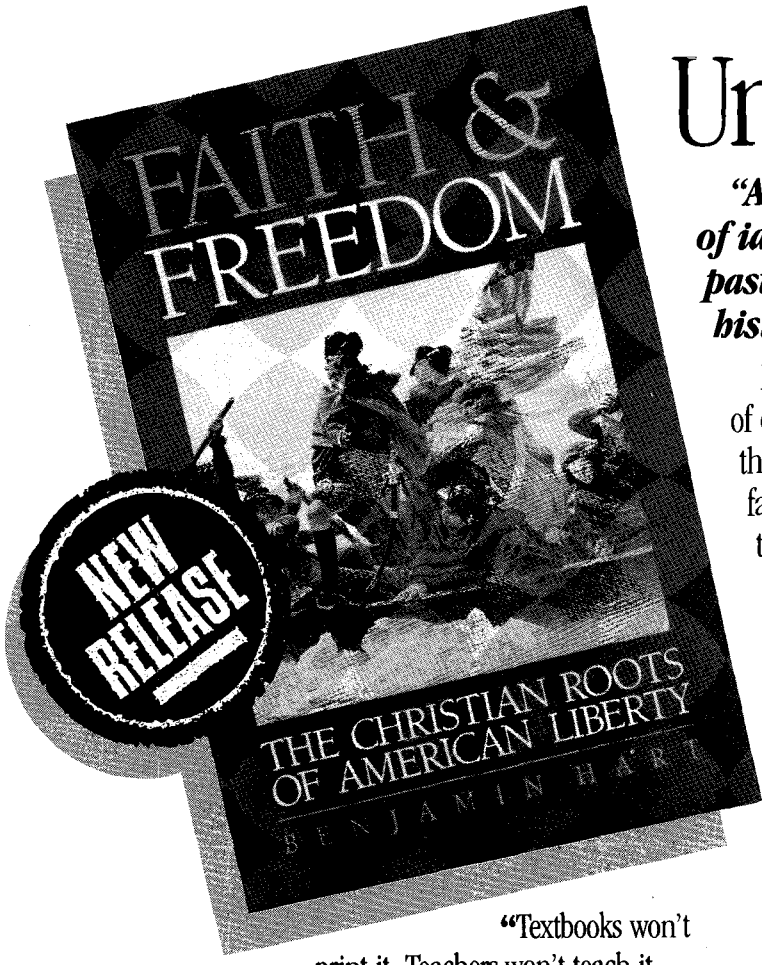

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

CARL HIAASEN:

True Grist

Generoso Pope Jr., owner and guiding hand of the *National Enquirer*, died last weekend. I am waiting for someone to sneak into the funeral and take a picture of him inside the coffin. Pope would have appreciated it.

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BUSH SCORES

NEW YORK, OCT. 14

MR. BUSH got off two memorable hits in the debate. And the first one had to be extemporized. Not even Roger Ailes could have prepped him to answer so offbeat a question as: Isn't there something you can think of about Michael Dukakis that you can admire?

His answer was a classic putdown. Waal, said Mr. Bush, yes. There is one thing I truly do admire about Mr. Dukakis, and that's the way he has pushed his family up in front of the cameras and done everything he could to make them central to his campaign.

Pause. Now I have always myself thought of my family (said Mr. Bush, pensively) as a kind of private oasis. But when I saw the prominence Mr. Dukakis gave to his family at the convention in Atlanta and elsewhere, I thought to myself: Why not? A family is a very important part of one's life. So . . . I decided to do the same thing with my own family.

And did he ever. There were Bush offspring on the convention floor at New Orleans to register the votes of delegations from a half-dozen states. Mrs. Bush, who is the Miss America of American mothers, all but accompanies her husband to the men's room. It was a smashing answer, at once just faintly suggesting the vulgarity of familial ostentation, while managing to say, oh so subtly: Mike, old shoe, anything you can do with your family, I can do better with mine. Oscar Wilde could not have managed it more conclusively.

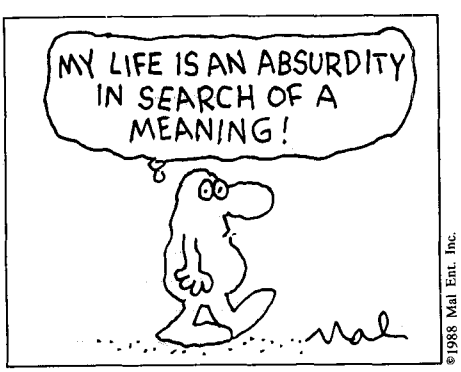
His second triumph—and for this one he was almost surely rehearsed—was an answer to the charge that this has been a mortifyingly jejune public contest, with trivialities engaging the whole of the public's attention. Isn't it true, Mr. Bush was asked, that Jimmy Carter and Richard Nixon and Barry Goldwater have all said how awful the campaign has been and how little time has been given to the issues? Yes, said Mr. Bush, that's quite right. But look at it from where I'm sitting, Lulubelle. I campaigned throughout Illinois and gave extensively my views on the farm problem, just as an example. And I issued one or two position papers. Now: Why didn't your network pay any attention to what I said? Instead, your network, and the media in general, gave attention over and over again to the slightest disparagement of me by Dukakis, of Dukakis by me: and most attention to the alleged disqualifications of Dan Quayle. Senator Goldwater reports from his aerie in Arizona that we should be discussing the issues. Well, how does he know I have not been discussing the issues? If he watches the television news he will never discover that I have been talking about the issues.

Bull's-eye. During the campaigning for the Iowa caucuses, Governor du Pont, answering a question put to him by a voter on a television phone-in program about aid to the Contras, said: "I don't blame you for opposing aid to the Contras. If I had listened only to the television networks on what is going on in Nicaragua I too would be against aid to the Contras." What we need to worry about, said Mr. du Pont—and Bush carried the theme forward during the debate—is the media's high dudgeon over the quality of a campaign the tenor of which is dictated by what the media report on that campaign.

The crowd cheered. And it was not only the supporters of Mr. Bush, one had the feeling, who cheered. Mr. Dukakis's partisans felt that he too had been the victim of the sensationalist-minded press, more interested in contumely than in substance. True, Mr. Bush has not delivered a Cooper Union address; but if tomorrow he delivered the *Areopagitica* in Peoria, it is absolutely predictable that no one two blocks away would learn about it.

Oh, there were some crashing disappointments. Mr. Bush can't crank himself up to criticize any of the wastrel programs in which Washington is permanently engaged. Most offensive of all was Mr. Bush's scornful attack on the grain embargo imposed by President Carter when the Soviet Union began its genocidal invasion of Afghanistan. What Mr. Carter did was exactly correct. And it is a festering sore on the public record of Mr. Reagan that he should have rescinded that embargo instead of intensifying it, while compensating the farmers for their contribution to a vital non-military sanction against the Soviet Union, which, while waging an aggressive war, happily fed on American grain at prices lower than those paid by American housewives.

But the evening clinched the point everyone had been wondering about, namely: Does George Bush have what it takes to stand up to the little technocrat from Brookline? The answer was: More than enough. □



CONFUSION ABOUNDING

NEW YORK, OCT. 28

ONE ASPECT of the unpresidential presidential debates that receives insufficient attention is the flat-out contradictions plus the flat-out wrong data. In one debate, an interviewer said that 65 million children in America lived in poverty, which caused the listener with any grip on reality to begin by wondering a) are there 65 million children in America? and to conclude that, if so, b) every single one of them is poor. Well, it turned out the figure was way, way off. Then Mr. Dukakis said that two-thirds of the people on Social Security have only that as a source of income. But it turned out that that figure was wrong too. It isn't 67 per cent of Social Security recipients who have no other source of income, it is 15 per cent. Then, coming out in favor of a reduced capital-gains tax, Mr. Bush reminded his opponent that President Kennedy had also come out in favor of a capital-gains-tax reduction, to which his adversary said, Ah, but Mr. Kennedy balanced the budget—that was why he came out for tax reductions. You make a sleepy little note to check that one because it jars up against some old furniture in the back of your memory bank.

And, sure enough, President Kennedy ran three successive deficits, amounting to 3 per cent of the gross national product,

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which was big bucks in those days. So, again, Mr. Dukakis was just plain wrong. I have little red ribbons tied around almost all my joints. The one on the little toe of my left foot is to remind me to look up the data to see whether it is true that Massachusetts has the fastest record of decline of major crime among industrialized states in the United States (Mr. Dukakis's answer to the furlough criticism). I haven't looked that one up yet, but I am reminded of the governor of New Hampshire a generation ago who said in a campaign speech that his state had the highest per-capita rate of amortized water production in the United States. He paused before his bewildered audience, winked, and said, "Now you have to get that *exactly* right, or else you'll get it wrong." It may be that Mr. Dukakis is, once again, playing games here. It would be fun to find out.

One needs to go elsewhere to find fruitful exchanges on points of public controversy. Take, for instance, the matter of the capital-gains tax. Time after time Mr. Dukakis wishes to make the point that this is rich-man's tax relief. Oh, he strokes that point as if reaching for the ultimate political climax. And one is always left wondering why George Bush lets him off, given the data at his disposal. It isn't until you have a match on the *MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour* in which Mr. William Brock and Professors George Stigler, Robert Solow, and Robert Reich participate that you can hope to get substantial intellectual relief. And we hear Mr. Brock say, "You know, a very remarkable liberal senator from Massachusetts was Paul Tsongas. He's also a remarkably honest man. I think he said something to the effect in explaining the mistake that he made of opposing the capital-gains-tax cut in 1978, that that change in the law had more to do with creating jobs in Massachusetts than all the acts that he engaged in as a United States senator. He was right. He learned. Michael Dukakis hasn't. The record is abundantly clear that we create jobs by removing the disincentives for investment in people and plants and R&D and productivity, and that's precisely what George Bush has suggested."

To this, Professor Solow could only object in qualified terms: "[It's] not that it's bad, but that it's a mouse. It's just a little thing. Another way of creating better jobs is by improving the technology of production and doing things, providing incentives for innovation, research and development. We hadn't had much of that lately or as much as we should and it's been reduced during the last eight years . . ." An interesting criticism from a Democratic professor, given that the reference, obviously, is to the investment tax credit that was eliminated in the 1986 tax bill, over the objections of conservatives who believed it should continue in place to attract savings.

It isn't often, in these national debates, that points get absolutely tied up. They remain a vague muddle. But the drift has been in the direction of public acceptance of Mr. Bush's basic analysis. He has not done very much to tell us how we can get rid of our huge deficit, but then neither has Mr. Dukakis. For these reasons, I would guess, Mr. Bush is leading the race. There is greater public confidence in the sound of his thought. □

THE INDIAN AT DARTMOUTH

NEW YORK, OCT. 24

IT MUST BE HELL, at Dartmouth College, if you are a member of the faculty or the administration—or, for that matter, a student—and your inclinations are just, well: normal. You might be a political Democrat, while nonetheless questioning, along with the late Hubert Humphrey, the use of civil-rights bills in order to discriminate against qualified white students seeking admission. You might be a graduate who is perfectly capable of looking at a facsimile of an Indian warrior without saying to himself, teeth gritted, "The only good Injun is a dead Injun!" The only tolerable conclusion the outsider can reach about Dartmouth these days is that it is being run by ideological loonies.

The big case last winter involved the four students who were given the American equivalent of ten years in Gulag for ventilating their resentment of a professor of music who spends most of his time in scatological ruminations deploring racism in general (he is black). The four students published a verbatim transcript of the professor's lucubrations, requested that he reply, and before they knew it two of them were suspended for 18 months on grounds of "vexatious oral exchange." President James O. Freedman of Dartmouth launched the one-hundredth attack on the conservative student newspaper, which sits there in Hanover like Ft. Douaumont in the First World War, apparently impregnable and a symbol of the viability of the resistance. The people of *60 Minutes* have been in Hanover recently, and viewers may soon see an account of the nine lives of the *Dartmouth Review* up against the massive forces of the administration and faculty.

But given this background, what happened in the first week in October is breathcatching in its stupidity. It is as if, in the middle of a televised debate, George Bush were to turn to Michael Dukakis and say, "You know why I can't stand you, Mike? It's because you're a dirty little Greek immigrant." If that were to happen, Mike Dukakis would become the next President of the United States with the votes of every non-Turk in America, including this columnist.

What Dartmouth did was to celebrate the 15th anniversary of co-education at Dartmouth. And the principal speaker was . . . Angela Davis, the best-known female Communist in the United States. She was, during the turbulent Seventies, among the Ten Most Wanted fugitives on the FBI list. She was apprehended and tried for complicity in murder, and a mouthpiece got her off. She went from trial to the Soviet Union to a triumphal tour, in which she denounced the United States and all its institutions. She was given the Lenin Peace Prize. And in the last two national elections she ran for office: for Vice President of the United States on the Communist ticket.

She was introduced at the august ceremony in Dartmouth by a dean, Mr. Dwight Lahr. The press was not permitted to record her speech, and only an edited videotape will be released (obviously, somebody in the office of Dartmouth's President Freedman decided that the celebration inaugurated by Angela Davis should be less than absolutely prime time). But a facile editor of the *Dartmouth Review* took notes on Dean Lahr's introduction, which included the following: "Angela Davis's life is an example of how one committed black woman activist has chosen to make a difference." We must be grateful that Angela Davis's example is not more widely imitated, else there would be a progressive shortage of white males. . . . The dean went on to name her accomplishments, among them that she was awarded the Lenin Peace Prize, which, said in that way, seems indistinguishable from the Nobel Peace Prize. And he ended by saying, "It gives me great pleasure to introduce Angela Davis, who will address us on the topic, 'Women, Race, and Class.' "

WHAT MS. DAVIS went on to say need not contaminate a whole lot of newsprint. A sample sentence was, "The Bush campaign is literally saturated with right-wingers, racists, fascists, and Nazis." When Ms. Davis expressed herself more categorically, she announced that the "socio-economic system of capitalism has to be abolished if we are serious about eradicating the evils of racism." And she confused some listeners by saying that the feminist movement was made up of "women, some women, some white women." Asked if these "white" feminists adopted the cause of racism, Ms. Davis answered in the affirmative, explaining that "they are incorporating structures of racism themselves."

She received a standing ovation.

There are those who are prepared to say, the hell with it. Give the whole college over to the Indians. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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BOOK BRIEFS

(Continued from page 56)

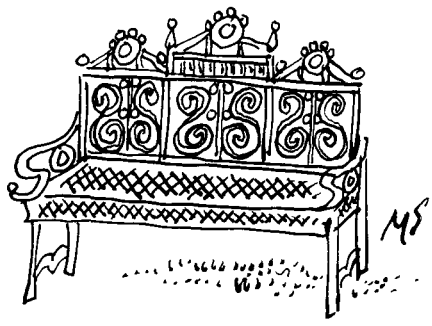
one to beat, given Carter's "misery index," a 21 per cent prime rate and a rising tax burden. The second standard is far tougher, and Niskanen goes so far as to conclude that "there was no Reagan revolution." To be sure, during Reagan's tenure, monetary policy brought down the rate of inflation, marginal tax rates were cut, and antitrust policy finally abandoned the witch-hunt mentality. However, the twin deficits (budget and trade) mushroomed, leaving the next Administration with major problems. And, in the end, the goal of substantially higher economic growth has not been met. The key to growth is productivity, which has increased at only 1.5 per cent annually since 1984. A larger labor force (mainly due to the increased participation of women), not better efficiency, has been the primary source of economic growth. Productivity in manufacturing, where the application of technology is most useful, has been good, but productivity in the service industries has been on the decline. And as manufacturing falls relative to services in the economy, average productivity is dragged down. To sum up the Reagan economic record, the trade deficit caught him off guard, and dealing with the budget deficit also presented problems. Reagan was unable to hold down the level of government spending, which is now at the same level forecast by the Carter Administration. Politics prevented any serious assault on the welfare state. With taxes held down, the deficits expanded. Niskanen does not believe that spending restraint alone will be able to balance the budget, but he nonetheless argues that the case for spending restraint is "overwhelming." His book is a lucid mixture of economic theory and political pessimism.

WILLIAM R. HAWKINS

GOLDMAN

(Continued from page 40)

The U.S. Government should stress the precedents for this kind of Allied cooperation. As Roger W. Robinson, former Senior Director for International Economic Affairs on the NSC, has noted, we achieved an Allied agreement in July 1982 to phase out taxpayer-subsidized interest rates on government-backed credits to the USSR (though certain Eastern European countries still qualify for subsidized credit terms that are designed for developing countries). Another case Robinson cites is the Allied agreement to suspend Paris Club debt rescheduling with the Jaruzelski regime following the martial-law crackdown in Poland. Negotiations resumed only after the regime released many political prisoners. We need to ensure that agreements like these are strictly enforced.



The West also needs to enact some specific reforms in its current lending practices. Given the fact that a good deal of the Western money is ostensibly intended to permit the purchase of Western goods, Western banks could make sure that the funds never leave the originating country. The lending bank could simply debit the Soviet account and credit the account of the supplier. We would then have some way of tracking what the loans are actually used for.

For the most overdue reform is to improve data collection and disclosure so that we know more precisely how much our banks and governments are giving the Soviets. A significant portion of the cash credits to the Soviets and their client states never gets reported. To take but one example, inter-German financial flows escape any of this sort of accounting.

Above all, the West needs to rid itself of wishful thinking about how cash credits can induce Communist leaders to move their countries away from oppressive practices and toward democracy. Nowhere is this point better made than by the case of Yugoslavia. Western lending to this country—which has contributed to Yugoslavia's $20-billion foreign debt—was supposed to encourage the blossoming of quasi market reforms and lead eventually to political reforms. Unfortunately, the West forgot or ignored the fact that tentative experiments in capitalism yield few benefits and impose heavy transitional costs as longstanding subsidies are cut. As *Time* magazine recently reported from Belgrade, "Heating bills often consume half an average monthly income of less than $100, while housewives must stand in line for hours to buy bread." And now the economic chaos has exacerbated the underlying tension among the country's various nationalities, leading to an explosive situation. Is this the type of domestic harmony that cash credits were supposed to usher in?

The U.S. must now take the lead. Fortunately, recent speeches by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and Foreign Secretary Geoffrey Howe have indicated that U.S. initiatives would receive strong British support. Fortunately, too, this is precisely the direction in which Congress is heading. On June 15, 1988, the Senate passed 96 to 0 a non-binding resolution that called on the President to consult with Allied leaders on the problem of untied credits. And on October 18, the U.S. Senate passed by 64 to 2 a resolution sponsored by Senator Steve Symms that called on the President to study the impact of these loans and also called for "a multilateral, voluntary initiative, supervised by the OECD, to end untied, general-purpose lending to those countries for reasons both of national security and prudent commercial banking." But will the Executive take the lead that Congress urges it to take? Or will it side with the Italian Prime Minister and his call for a Marshall Plan for the Soviet Union, and against Margaret Thatcher? For this is building up to be the biggest intra-Alliance dispute since the one over the Soviet pipeline.

This is as much a question for the Reagan Administration as for its successor. The two most important forums for raising these issues are the ministerial meeting of the OECD, to take place next April, and the Economic Summit in Paris in May and June. But the groundwork for these meetings—gathering the data, analyzing the records, and forging some sort of Alliance consensus—must begin now.

You'd think it would be hard to top Lenin's quip that one day the capitalists would sell the rope that hangs them. Well, unless the West gets its act together, not only will we sell the rope, but the West's largest financial institutions will underwrite the deal. □

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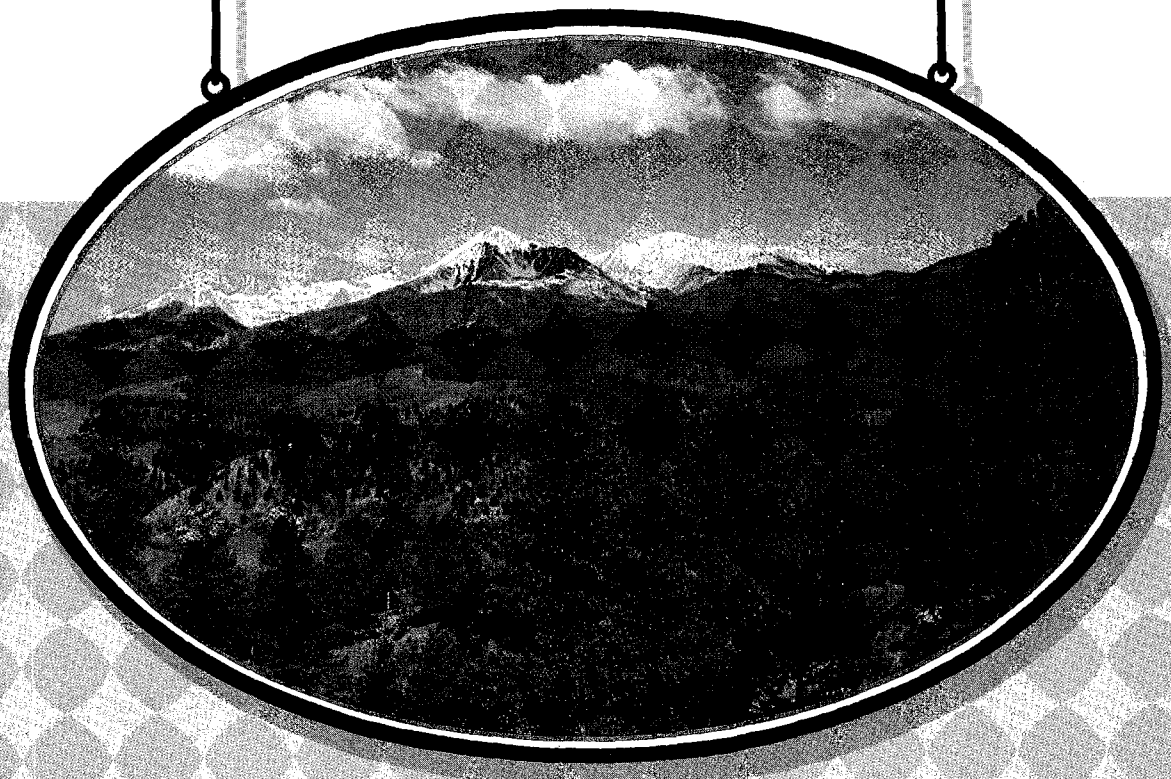

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DEFINITIONS

A. Hungry — RAVENOUS (25 54 31 95 103 146 166 10)

B. Hoosier capital — INDIANAPOLIS (161 84 67 34 57 152 174 156 97 48 / 3 17)

C. Religious rodent? (2 words) — CHURCH MOUSE (136 123 128 40 8 56 98 70 141 108 / 18)

D. Shelter for travelers — [illegible] (15 93 131 147 107 145 43)

E. Trial — AFFLICTION (69 23 139 35 158 21 80 110 151 114)

F. "____ the *Maine*" — REMEMBER (90 137 65 76 155 94 7 20)

G. Diabolical — [illegible] (129 16 115 47 106 29 172 63)

H. Famed American pursuit — HAPPINESS (53 102 77 125 36 159 72 4 177)

I. Goings-on — [illegible] (89 112 52 168 101 148 14 38)

J. Break — [illegible] (42 99 119 5 144 173 60)

K. Teeters — [illegible] (82 130 26 46 12 170 79)

L. Beseech — [illegible] (24 33 92 127 153 62)

M. Bind morally — [illegible] (113 142 59 9 160 78 109 30)

N. Disillusion — [illegible] (171 1 126 88 149 41 22 154 162 55)

O. Do an arranger's job — ORCHESTRATE (138 73 111 164 27 91 50 117 19 2 / 66)

P. Used a seine in the Seine — [illegible] (135 176 37 81 116 61)

Q. River in the Carolinas (2 words) — [illegible] (140 83 124 44 11 64)

R. Eighth-century German king — [illegible] (121 163 75 39)

S. Lack of seriousness — LEVITY (28 165 71 45 122 86)

T. Trashy—literally! — [illegible] (157 133 118 169 105 6 87)

U. Writing slanted to the right? — ITALICS (68 175 32 143 150 96 58)

V. Fine point — [illegible] (167 49 132 100 120 13)

W. Last name in oil — GETTY (104 134 74 85 51)

1 N I	2 O T		3 B I	4 H S		5 J P	6 T R	7 F E	8 C C	9 M I	10 A S	11 Q E	12 K L	13 V Y		14 I T	15 D H	16 C E		17 B S
18 C E	19 O A	20 F R	21 E C	22 N H		23 E F	24 L O	25 A R		26 K B	27 O E	28 S L	29 G I	30 M E	31 A V	32 U A	33 L B	34 L I	35 E L	36 H I
37 P T	38 I Y		39 R O	40 C R		41 N C	42 J R	43 D E	44 Q D	45 S I	46 K B	47 G I	48 B L	49 V	50 O T	51 W		52 I T	53 H H	54 A A
55 N T		56 C H	57 B A	58 U S		59 M L	60 J É	61 P D		62 L T	63 G H	64 Q E		65 F M	66 O E	67 B D	68 U I	69 E A		70 C C
71 S V	72 H E	73 O R		74 W T	75 R H	76 F E		77 H P	78 M A	79 K S	80 E T		81 P T	82 K W	83 Q É	84 B N	85 W T	86 S Y		87 T Y
88 N E	89 I A	90 F R	91 O S		92 L T	93 D O		94 F B	95 A E	96 U C	97 B O	98 C M	99 J E		100V	101I V	102H A	103A N	104W G	105T E
106G L	107D I	108C S	109M T	110E I	111O C		112I C	113M O	114E N	115G V	116P E	117O R	118T T	119J S		120V T	121R O		122S T	123C H
124Q E		125H P	126N S	127L É	128C U	129C D	130K O	131D S	132V A	133T I	134W E	135P N	136C C	137F É		138O O	139E F		140Q P	141C U
142M B	143U L	144J I	145D C		146A O	147D P	148I I	149N N	150U I	151E O	152B N		153L S	154N A	155F M	156B P	157T L	158E I	159H N	160M G
	161B I	162N N		163R T	164O H	165S E		166A U	167V N	168I I	169T T	170K E	171N D		172G S	173J T	174B A	175U T	176P E	177H S

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 58 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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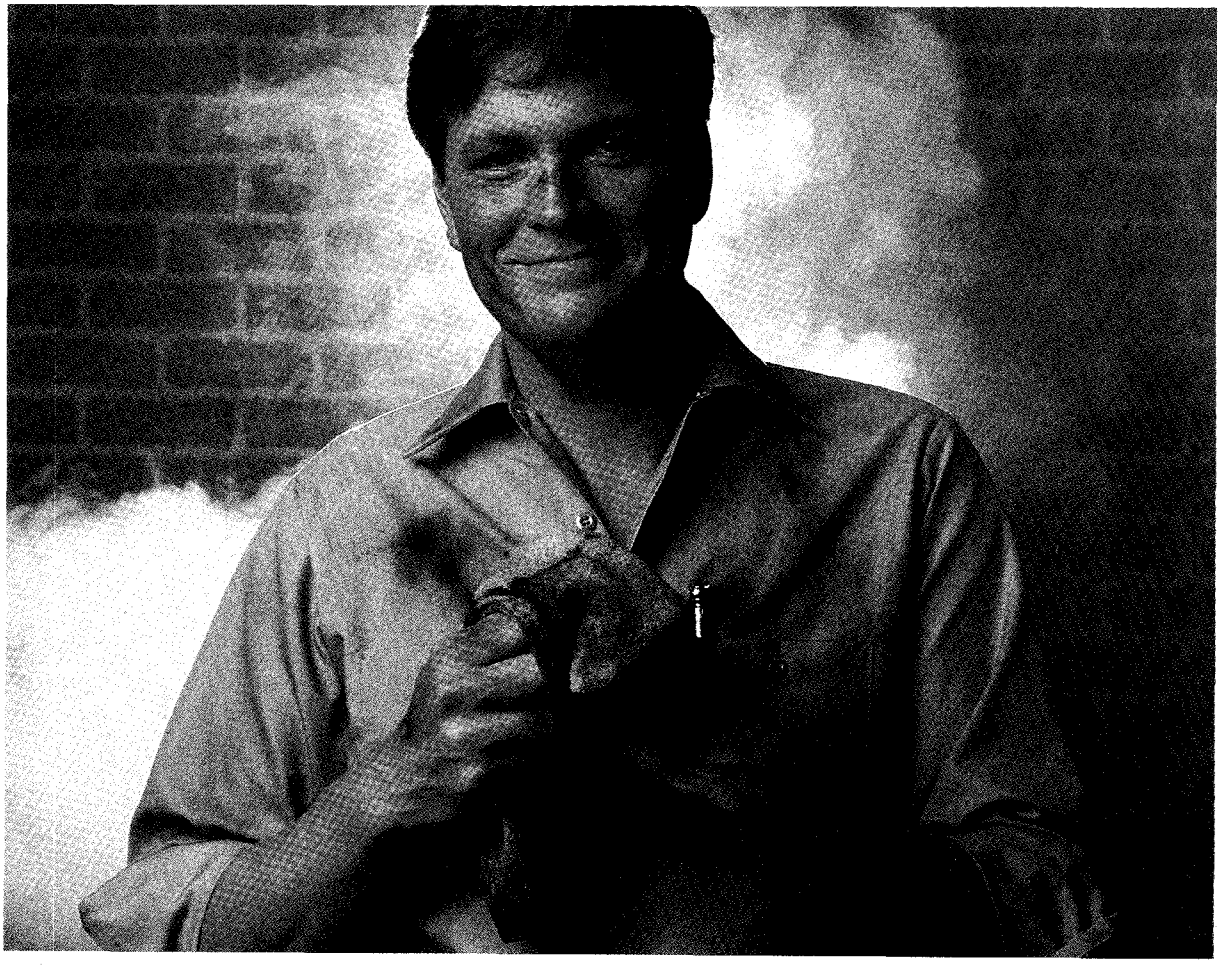

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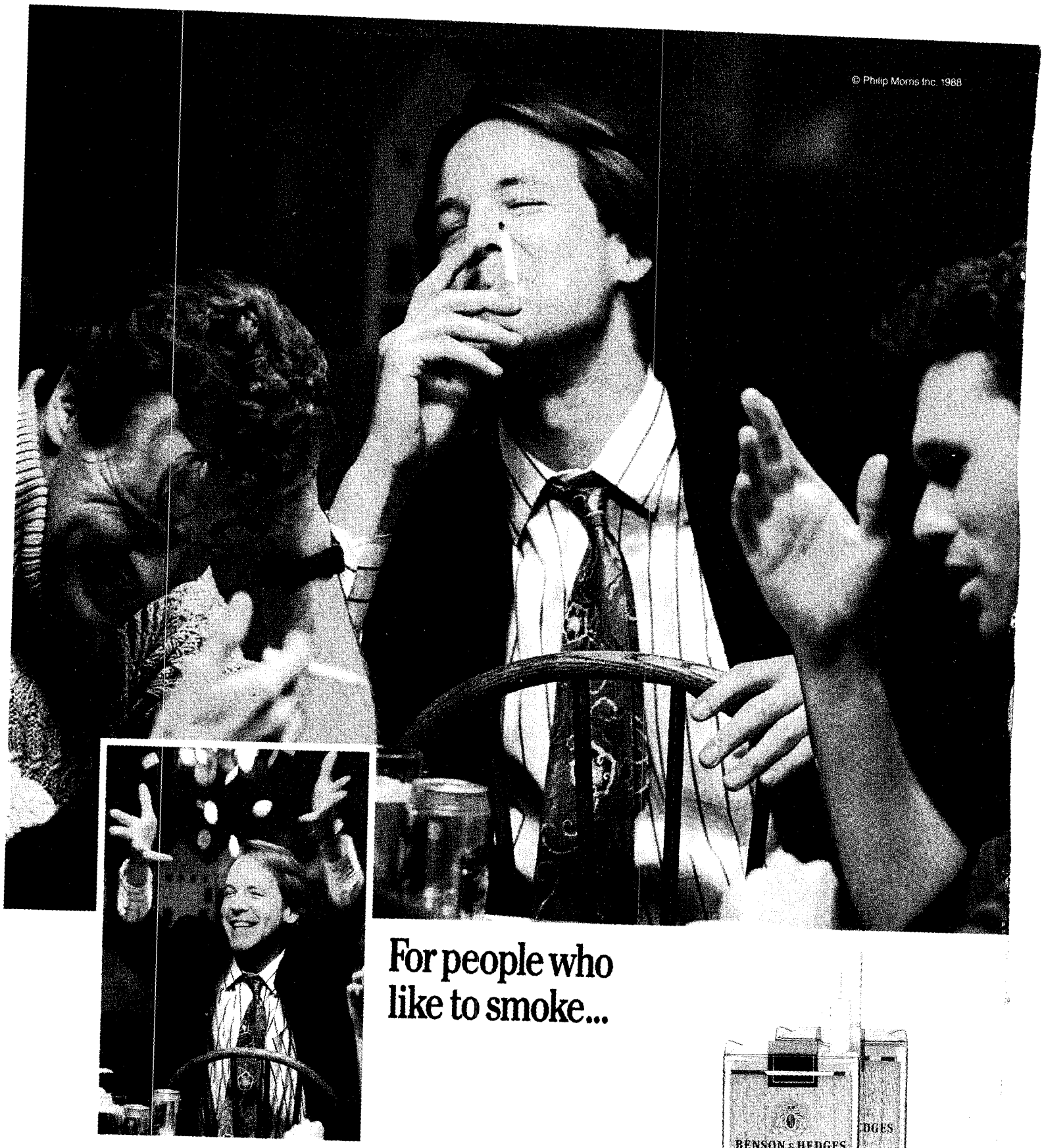

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